# The Present Practice OF MUSICK VINDICATED

Againſt the *Exceptions* and *New Way* of Attaining MUSICK Lately Publiſh'd by *Thomas Salmon*, M. A. *&c.*

By *MATTHEW LOCKE*, Compoſer in Ordinary to His Majeſty, and Organiſt of Her Majeſties Chappel.

To which is added

*DUELLUM MUSICUM*

By JOHN PHILLIPS, Gent.

Together with

A LETTER from *John Playford* to Mr. *T. Salmon* by way of Confutation of his *Eſſay*, *&c.*

Martial Lib. 3. 67.

*Iraſci noſtro non debes, Cerdo, libello,*
*Ars tua, non vita, eſt carmine læſa meo.*
*Innocuos permitte ſales. Cur ludere nobis*
*Non liceat, licuit ſi jugulare tibi?*

*London*, Printed for *N. Brooke* at the *Angel* in *Cornhill*, and *J. Playford* near the *Temple-Church*. 1673.

## *To the Reader.*

THough I may without ſcruple aver, that nothing has done Mr. *Salmon* more kindneſs, than that his Books have had the honour to be anſwered; yet have I been forc'd to afford him this favour, rather to chaſtize the Reproaches which he hath thrown upon the moſt Eminent Profeſſors of Muſick, than for any thing of Learning that I found in him. Thoſe Gentlemen he accus'd of Ignorance, for not imbracing his illiterate Abſurdities; for which it was neceſſary to bring him to the *Bar* of *Reaſon*, and to do him that Juſtice which his Follies merited. Though for the fame he gets by this I ſhall not much envy him; with whom it will fare, as with common Criminals, who are ſeldome talkt of above two or three days after Execution. The Gentleman might have ſlept in a whole skin, had he not challeng'd all the World; in which, how well he has behav'd himſelf, you may, if you pleaſe, in reading judge; and ſo farewel.

*M. L.*

To my FRIEND

# Mr. *MATTHEW LOCKE*,

On his ingenious Diſcovery of thoſe

## MUSICAL INNOVATIONS

Held forth by the *Author* of

*An Eſſay to the Advancement of Muſick, &c.*

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*AS* MARSYAS, *though by* MINERVA *taught,*
*While with* inſipid Novelties *he thought,*
*Great* PHOEBUS *of his* Luſtre *to deprive,*
*Was for his* bold preſumption *Flead alive:*
*So while our* LOCKE *th'* APOLLO *of our Age,*
*This* MUSICAL PHANATICK *doth engage;*
*He both* o'recomes *and* puniſhes *his* Pride;
*Though he* Flea's *not his* Skin, *he* Tawes *his* Hide.

J. Phillips.

# A Letter of Thanks

## *To Mr.* Thomas Salmon

### *For the Vindication of his* Eſſay, *&c.*

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Sir,

TO the Favours formerly acknowledged by me, and ſince repeated by you, you have obligingly added in the *Vindication* of your *Eſſay* ſo many others (though of far different Nature to them, yet doubtleſs with the ſame, if not greater heartineſs) that I was at a loſs how to put my ſelf into the leaſt Capacity of manifeſting the thankfulneſs they deſerve, without looking back, and endeavouring (if poſſible) to find out their true Riſe; wherein if I fail, I ſhall willingly acknowledge my fault, and beg your pardon.

Sir, In your *Eſſay* (*pag.* 10.) you are pleas'd to affirm, *That the dark and tedious Principles of Muſick, the bugbear Terms and confuſed Cliffs, hindred the acceſs to it. Pag.* 11. *That the long diſcourſe of Gibberiſh, a fardle of hard Names and fictitious Words, call'd the* Gam-ut, *to be learn'd backwards and forwards by heart, as though a Man muſt*

*be exact in the Art of Conjuring before he learn'd Musick, terrified the Beginner. Pag.* 15. *That you cann't tell any thing that perswades Musick-Masters to trouble their Scholars with an impertinent difficulty, but a pernicious humour in some Men still to do what hath once been done, howsoever useless and unprofitable; and that though the* Gam-ut *be retain'd, they think it insufficient. Pag.* 16. *That they are to be blamed for not beginning the Naming of their Notes with* Mi. *Pag.* 19. *That intollerable perplexity which arose from the Alteration of the Cliffs, caus'd some charitable but lazy Wit, to invent* Tablature, *whereby the Notes are Mechanically clouded in Letters, and so darkly, that the most quick sighted Musick-Master cann't tell what they mean, till he find out the Tuning, and the Scholar, so instructed, condemn'd ever to be ignorant of the rational part of his Musick, &c. for the Voyce and Instruments, not capable of that literal Expression, People learn by rote, and quickly forget what like Parrots they ignorantly prated. Pag.* 22. *A Musick-Master cann't trust to the Observation of Intervals in passing from one Cliff to another. Pag.* 24. *Musick-Masters will be loath to consent to a Way, wherein every young Practitioner may rival them. Pag.* 25, 26. *Some Musick-Masters return'd me such Objections, as betray'd their misapprehension of my design, and their unwillingness it should come into practice; upon which account I have put my self to the trouble of writing these Papers, that they might the more clearly perceive the conveniency of our* Hypothesis: *And if afterwards they should remain peevish, and obstinate against the use of it, their*

*Scholars*

*Scholars might be able to right themſelves, and demand a remiſſion of more than half their ſlaviſh Task, for to learn the* Notes *and con their places, is the very drudgery of Muſick*; &c which, *when once Men find it will ſave them half the trouble, they will embrace it as readily, as if I were Emperour of the World to command it. Pag.* 27. *But if after all this, Muſick-Maſters ſhall double the time in teaching their Scholars, in hopes of double Gain; or their Scholars be ſuch Fools to undergo that expence of time and trouble; give me leave to laugh and let them have their labour for their pains. Pag.* 32. *I will make a wild Compariſon to ſhew how madly Cuſtom perſwades Muſicians to reckon. Pag.* 36. *By how much Muſicians have been wanton in their various Cliffs for Singing, they bring in Evidence of the Miſchief it makes. Pag.* 47, 48. *I ſhould think this unworthy my pains, unleſs the difficulty were ſo great which demands redreſs, and neceſſity required me to anſwer the perverſe obſtinacy of ſome, who would oppoſe even the juſteſt Alterations*; Vitio malignitatis humanæ vetera ſemper in laude, præſentia in faſtigio eſſe. *But if any ſhall contemn this becauſe Eaſie and Natural, let them remember what a grave company of ſuch Contemners were baffled in ſetting an Egg upright, till they were ſhewed how. Pag.* 74. *If there be a nearer and an eaſier way* (than the Old Scale) *why ſhould not thoſe Guides be ſo honeſt to lead us in it?* &c. *Truely if Muſick-Maſters will continue obſtinate, to maintain ſuch needleſs difficulties, they may like ſome* (*Muſicians*) *be left to play by themſelves in Fidlers Iſland. Pag.* 78. Pity me ye confounded Sons of *Nimrod*;

that I muſt ſtill ſuffer the Curſe of my old confuſed diſorders. *Pag.* 88. *I have heard many Scholars in vain importune their Maſters for ſome Directions to this purpoſe* (*viz.* to Play or Compoſe an Air or Conſort) *whoſe Charity notwithſtanding has been ſo ſtraight, or elſe their Ignorance ſo obſtinate, that their juſt intreaties were fruſtrated.* For which *Pag.* 90. *Now a Maſter is ranked in the ſame order with thoſe Empyrical Traders, who have a parcel of Muſical Receipts, but underſtand not one Note of their Compoſure.*

Theſe, Sir, Theſe bold and untrue Aſperſions thrown on All Maſters of Practical Muſick, and All Gentlemen and others that have learn'd *their way*, as if your taking a Degree had authorized you to abuſe Men; together with the perpetual magnifying your ſelf, and the Brat your *Eſſay*, were the Motives of my inſerting a Merry Proverb or Simily here and there in my *Obſervations*; and thoſe if I miſtake not of your doubty manner of Vindicating it.

Sir, I have been told, that Generoſity is a conſtant Attendant on Noble and Heroick Spirits, and ſhould have believ'd it, had I not heard of many Great Ones that abhorr'd the ſound of the very word; but you, Sir, by thoſe ſhowers of Bounty heap'd on me in the *Vindication* of your *Eſſay*, have made ſo abſolute a Convert of me, that I hold it a Duty neceſſary to let the World know, how admirably your Tongue ſpeaks your Heart. Sir, you have prevented a long Journey and much trouble for its diſcovery in your Title Page, by ſlily concealing the Titles of thoſe real Favours their Ma-

jeſties

jeſties have been graciouſly pleas'd to confer on me in both their Services, that thereby you might take advantage to render me contemptible to all that know me not, and all other your tender-hearted Proſelites, who believe you are already in poſſeſſion of ſome Infallible Chair, and conſequently can ſpeak or write nothing but Truth: As fair an Introduction for your following Diſcourſe as Heart could with! In your Advice to the Reader, you tell him *Moorfields* and the *Bear-Garden* are Entertainments only for the Rabble, *your old Cronies*; to prevent therefore my being drawn into the Liſts of their Active and Martial Atchievements, you, to render me impudent as well as ignorant, have plac'd me on the Grand Theatre of the World, bidding Defiance, firſt, to your Learned Patron Dr. *Wallis*; then, to the *Royal Society* and all *Mathematicians* that have been, are, or ſhall be; and laſtly, to Modeſty, Honeſty, Piety, and whatever elſe relates to God or Good Men.

Behold, Sir, an Abbreviate of your tranſcendent additional Favours! Favours indeed! and when really conſidered, ſuch as in all probability could not proceed from any but your ſelf, your Epiſtoler, or that Great Prince who pretends Right to all that's donable in this World.

But of their Particulars hereafter. At preſent give me leave, if you pleaſe, to admire that ſo much Prodigality ſhould be uſed to ſo little purpoſe; eſpecially when I reflect on that great and extraordinary Call which neceſſitated you (as your ſelf confeſs) to this Act of Reformation: for no ſooner can I caſt my Eye on the *Vindication*, but I loſe the *Eſſay*; this propoſing a nearer and eaſier

way to the attaining of Practical Muſick; that running quite from it to what either we have already paſt, or to what is meerly ſpeculative, or at moſt inſignificant to us: So that upon a true account, when your jingling with, and playing on my words, with your perpetual wreſting or falſifying them, are laid aſide, there's not one word in the *Vindication* makes good the Title and Contents of the *Eſſay*, but your own bare affirming you have demonſtrated it; which how true it is, I appeal to all Maſters of Practical Muſick, who are, and ought to be Judges in this Caſe of Practice.

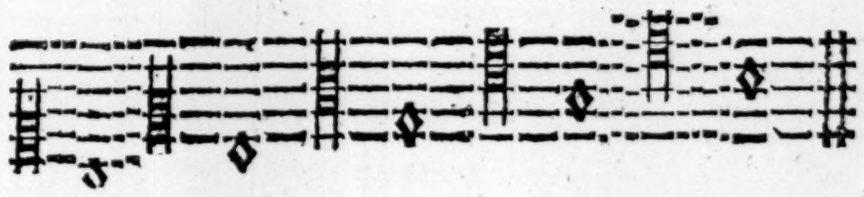
Yet, Sir, leſt your *Whirligig Members* ſhould think me too ſevere, and judge that I write rather out of ſpite and malice to your Perſon, than againſt your Opinion (which you and your Dearly Beloved have already proclam'd, though Heaven knows for what!) be pleas'd to remember, that from *Pag.* 10. to *Pag.* 27. in my *Obſervations*, I demonſtrate, *by the Old Scale, by the brief Explanation of it, and by the ſeveral Examples there inſerted*, the Conveniency and Neceſſity of the Cliffs, as they are univerſally received, *on the one ſide*; and the intricacy and perplexity which perpetually attends your B M T's mutability (without which you cannot advantagiouſly write any thing according to your own Rule that has the extent of a well-deſign'd Compoſition) *on the other.* But what's your Anſwer to this? not one word, *though it be the Hinge on which the whole Diſcourſe depends, as to Practical Muſick; and which was your Task*; but (after a long Digreſſion from it, intermix'd with all kind of abuſive Language) an old

ſtoln

ſtoln Cycle, to tell us, an *Octave* is an *Octave*, that *Muſick* is part of the *Mathematicks*, which no Man yet ever doubted of that pretended to Muſick; and an Argument (if any one will take it for ſuch) back'd with ſuch a Scheme, as being truly applied, undeniably deſtroys all you pretend to build, and confirms what ſo furiouſly you would deſtroy; notwithſtanding your deſperate threatning *to pull down* (Sampſon-like) *the Obſerver in your ruin, and cruſh him with five times the weight of his own Objection:* For, thoſe abſurdities which you charge the Old Scale with, are really none, but evident Fortifiers of its certainty; being that where-ever the *C ſol fa vt Cliff* is placed, the ſecond Space below is perpetually *G ſol re vt.*

Example.

*Uniſons*

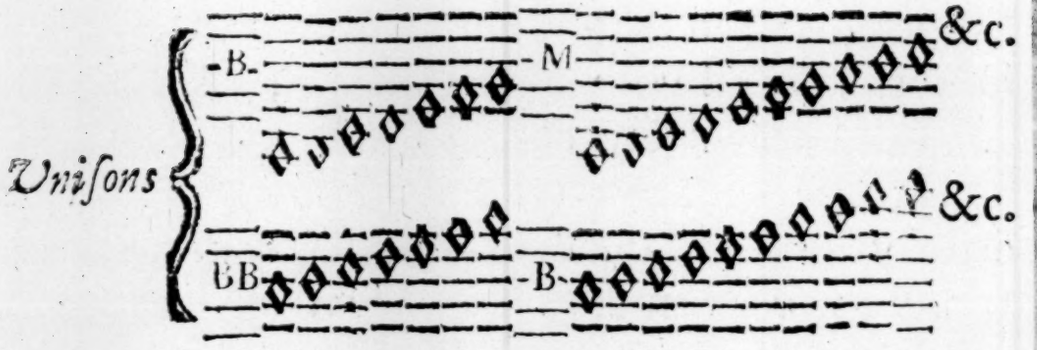


And that *one* abſurdity, which you confeſs to be in your New Way, by the aſſiſtances of your Lieger Line and Exoticks, multiplies on every Note throughout your whole Scale.

Example.

*Uniſons*

Or thus:




This, Sir, is so evident in it self, that it needs neither Argument nor Scheme to maintain or demonstrate it to any Person indued with Common Sense. And truly, Sir, according to this Rate, this excellent Method of Proving, you may Write and Answer Books, with as much ease as you pretend you could Command the World; for nothing can come amiss to so great a Mind; the Examples of ruin'd Monarchs touch you not; the Infamy attending Libellous Scriblers holds not your hands; what you will, must be; what not, not: And this is that, and only that, which I can any way perceive the World is ever like to have from you, excepting your new invented *Wheel of Seven Spokes* for a Tyler or Carpenter to reach the top of a House with, instead of his old Ladder; your New Way of Account, to tell a Farmer *Paul*'s Fair will be *D* in the fourth *Octave*, instead of the Twenty fifth of *January*; and the incomparable B M T for a fair Lady to Learn (with all Expedition) the singing of a *Base* in Consort: which Posterity may admire you for, though the present Age be not so good natur'd. But to proceed;

In

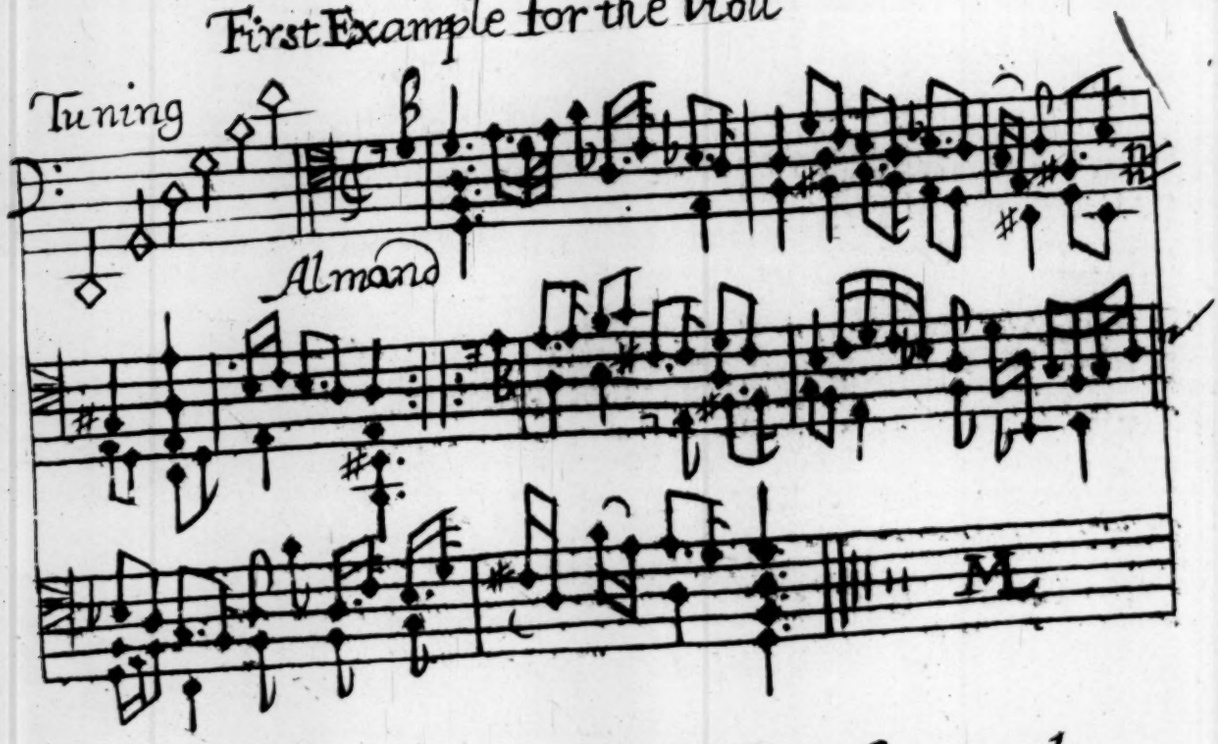
In my *Obſervations* (*Pag.* 33. & 34.) I mention the ridiculouſneſs of confining the *Viol* to a Tuning, incapable of being uſed well in more than one Key, whereas the Old Way injoyed all; and particularly do manifeſt your contradicting your own Rule *of keeping every Octave and Part within the Syſtem of Four Lines*, by planting the firſt Note of an Example taken from Mr. *Simpſon* in a Sixth Line, and putting the ſame Note that is to be Plaid on the ſame String and Fret, here in the Line, there in the Space, then again in the Line, after that in the Space, and ſo forward to the End of the Leſſon. This, Sir, to any Mans thinking might have deſerv'd ſome Anſwer! but 'tis put off with a bare imploying your Conjuring Exoticks, and telling the World I underſtand not the *Viol*; which how true 'tis, and how much to your pretended relieving the Hand, Eye, and Underſtanding from thoſe troubleſome and needleſs perplexities you charge the Old Scale and Tuning with, I leave to your ſelf to judge; being very much aſſured, that if you are inſenſible of the non-performance of what you have ſo boldly undertook, you are unfit to be taken farther notice of than as *an unskilful impertinent Wrangler*. But, Sir, whether I do or do not underſtand the *Viol*, it matters not; 'tis evident I did not abuſe your Publiſher in aſſerting (*ibid.*) *that he knew the impoſſibility of it*. And that you may do ſo to if you pleaſe, take for an Experiment the following Example; and when you have tried it the Old Tuning, apply it to your New-call'd *Univerſal One*, as in the firſt Example in the following Page.

*Example.*

## First Example for the Violl

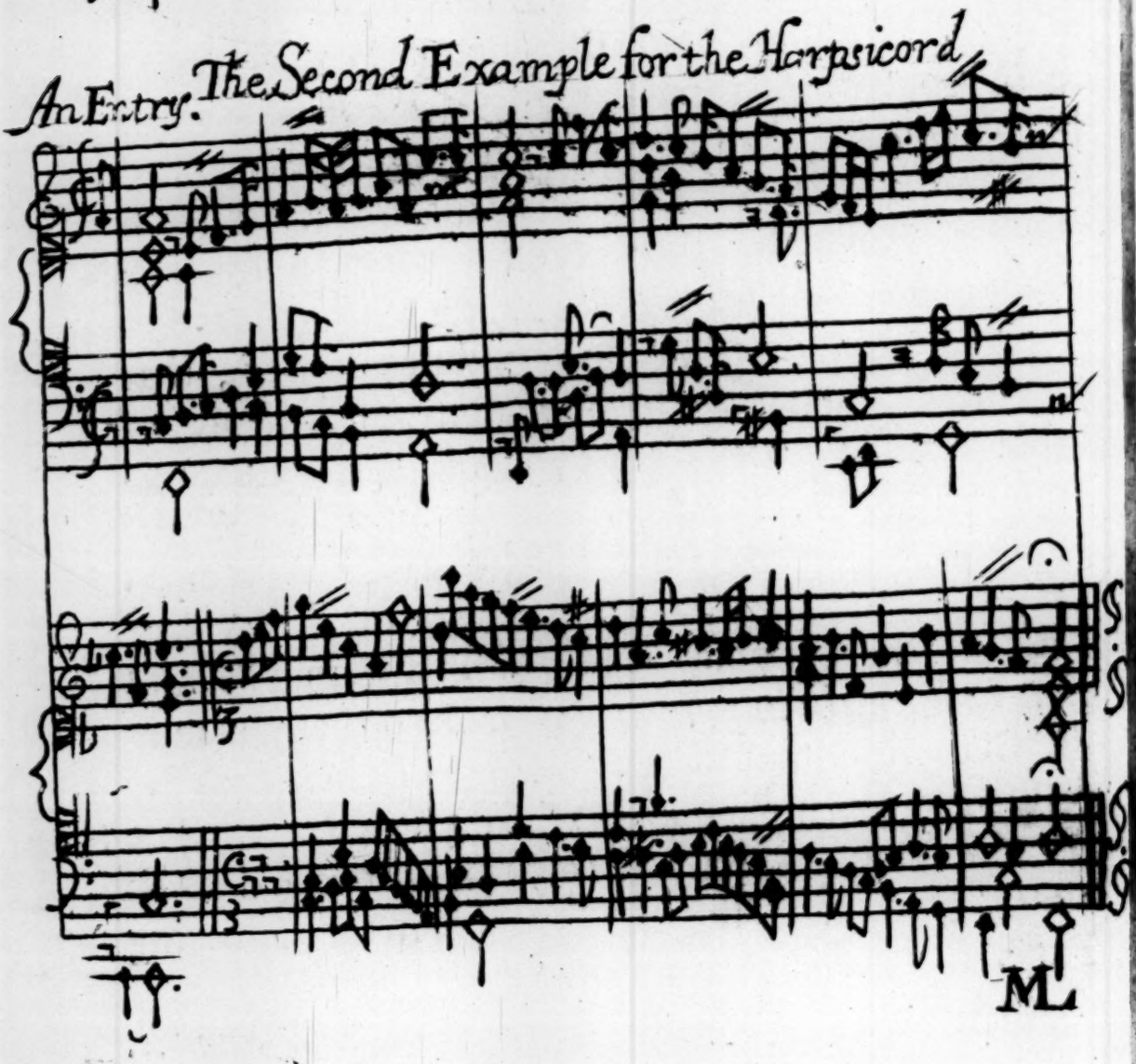
Tuning

Almand



## The Second Example for the Harpsicord

An Entry.



This, Sir, though you are resolv'd not to be Confuted, may at long run Convince you, that I do understand the *Viol*; that 'tis impossible to perform it on your new confin'd Tuning; and that you have undertook what you understand not; nor are ever likely to bring to pass, the way you go to work. And indeed, no one that does understand Musick can expect other: For while we must be one while in the Line with a Note, another while in Space with the same Note; one while condemn the Monosyllables for Gibberish, Conjuring, and the learning of them the very drudgery of Musick; another while command the use of them, then eat them; here to fix *Mi* in one of two places only, there in any place; here obliged to the use of four Lines only, there to fourteen, or as many as you please; here tied to the use of Notes as the most easie and intelligible way, thare to the lazy-witted Invention of Tablature; here to express Musick in the most familiar words, there to abandon the plain *English* of a great or lesser Third, Fourth, Fifth, *&c.* to imbrace the old Heathen *Greek* Terms, and what not? while I say we are brav'd from our own fixedness to those pitiful shilly-shally's, and altogether insignificant and impertinent pretences; what, Sir, can be expected? Truely nothing that I can any way imagin; except perhaps that thereby we might be made instrumental to proclame to the World, *That a young Graduate had lately Published Two Books, as exactly agreeing with their Titles as a Pretended Gospel-Minister's Sermon in the late Civil Wars did to his Text* (the one being *Fear God, Honour the King*; the other) *an impudent Per-*

*swasion*

*ſwaſion to carry on the begun Schiſm and Rebellion:*) *but not to ſo ill an End, though in all probability with as much Pride and Contempt.* Proportionably you go on, trifling with the *Harpſichord* and *Lute*, as if the *One* were previouſly made for the ſole uſe of your unbarb'd Jews-Trump, the *Cycle*, and your Servants B M T; or the *Other* moſt eloquently Harmonious when untouch'd. For to what end the firſt is made a *Phanatick*; the laſt, when uſed, ſilent (for ſo, by a wilful miſtake both of my words and meaning, you have made them) except to keep up the laudable cuſtome of ſwelling your Book, and amuſing the Reader, I know not.

I muſt confeſs, Sir, I have not the Practical Uſe of the *Lute*; yet have Compoſed ſeveral things for it; and from thence am ſufficiently convinced, that the way of Tablature is much eaſier and properer for that Inſtrument, and the expreſſion of its excellency, than the way of Notes; however I ſhall not judge, but refer it to thoſe to whom it properly belongs, *viz. ſuch Lute-Maſters as are qualified in both Capacities.* But as to the *Harpſichord*, I could ſmile at your idle Imagination, that a Man muſt have two Heads for the uſing two Staves of Lines, for his two Hands *our Cliff-way*; and but one Head for the uſe of a like two Staves and two Hands your B M T way, did I not fear there might be a more than ordinary Myſtery in it; that is to ſay, One great Loggerhead with huge great Saucer-Eyes, like thoſe in the *Turkiſh* Paradice, to be Champion in the Cauſe; and then, *Woe and well-a-day!* but I hope better things. In confidence whereof, I ſhall boldly affirm, that among the many ways of Writing for that Inſtrument,

ment, the moſt intelligibleſt to the Underſtanding, and eaſieſt to the Eye, is that which divides the *Staves of Lines, and Hands, on the middle Key thereof*; and ſo gives occaſion to aſcend and deſcend (generally) without the leaſt alteration of Cliffs.

[*See the ſecond Example in Pag.* 10.]

This, Sir, your Four Line B M T way, is wholly incapable of; and ſo incapable of, that in the Example you took from Mr. *Thetcher*, and inſerted in your *Eſſay*, you were forced to acknowledge, by ſeveral times chopping and changing *your ſignifying Letters* in that ſhort Leſſon.

To object, ſome things may notwithſtanding be done that way, is ſhort of your Glorious Pretences, where you undertake *All, Eaſier, and in half the Time*; the contrary whereof is ſo notoriouſly known, that, beſides the Maſters, ſeveral Lovers of Novelties, after a little experience, have with ſcorn laid it aſide. Among others, a Perſon of Honour, Educated in a School near this City, had your *Eſſay* preſented her piping hot, with ſuch Commendation as the Preſenter thought it really deſerved; the Lady, with as much thankfulneſs received it, thinking every Minute a Day till the preſence and aſſiſtance of her Maſter might make her happy in the injoyment of this new invented Benefit. The Hour came, and to work they went; but, *O the fickle ſtate of Lovers!* e're many days was expired, the heat was ſo abated, that there was not Charity enough left to keep it out o'th' fire, had not the Maſters earneſt intreaty preſerv'd it from that cruel Death: but all in vain! for the thing being heartleſs, after a ſhort time,

con-

conſum'd by that lingring Diſeaſe which Squire *Ralpho* long before Prophecied would be the end on't; and ſo farewel it; but not, Sir, to your *Vindication* of it: For there you promiſe ſuch Advantages, as the World was ignorant of before; there, the Reaſons of what it Acted by; and there, that All Compoſitions ſhould with Eaſe be Tranſpoſed from one Key to another, *&c.* Very prety! if a Man would believe it. Sir, the Advantages you ſo perpetually boaſt of, are already ſufficiently manifeſted and known to be Miſtakes, onely to abuſe the Maſters and delude the Ignorant; and conſequently need no more taking notice of: Your aſſuring the Dr. of the *now* eaſineſs of tranſpoſing Compoſitions from one Key to another, is a thing ſo frequent, that no one is eſteem'd a Maſter who cannot do it *Proper*; and he the contrary, that does it no better than you have done your *Aurelia* in in your *Eſſay*. But, that Men ſhould Act and Teach Rationally, and not underſtand the Reaſon of their ſo Acting and Teaching, till you peep'd into the World; is to make them Beaſts, and too too ſubtle for any but your ſelf to unriddle, who have ſtock enough to ſay any thing.

For my own part, Sir, I never pretended to more of the Mathematicks than what was practicable in Muſick, and that I have ſo evidently demonſtrated (if you can but give credit to your ſelf) that I ſtand amazed at the confidence of Contradicting it, no one till now, ever being ſo mad, after he had ſeen a Man do a thing, to teach him how he ſhould do it; yet this is our Caſe; and this no Perſon can be ignorant of, that is capable of apprehending,

that

that all Creatures that have Ears are apprehenſive of Sounds, but not of diſtinguiſhing them; thoſe, whoſe Ears Nature hath prepared for Practical Muſick, by dividing and ſub-dividing a String (for Example) come to experience their difference and diſtances; and from thence, by comparing them, to Tones, which (the Ear having diſtinguiſhed into Conſonants and Diſſonants) they Arithmetically divide to the greateſt quantity Practicable (*viz.* 32.) and thence, by Harmonical Proportion of whole, half, and quarter Tones (altogether ſufficient for uſe) advance to That we call *Compoſition*, the Mother of all Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick. More of the Mathematicks than this, Sir, (excepting what belongs to the Mechanical Part thereof for the Making Inſtruments) ſignifies nothing to us; *This*, and not the poring after idle and unpracticable Notions, being that which the Schools deſervedly honour with the Degrees of *Batchelor* and *Doctor*, above or equal to all other Sciences. The reſt therefore if you pleaſe (for you are infinitely free) you may beſtow on your unprofitable Speculators; who, ſo long as they can think of lengthening a *String*, or adding to *Number*, will never want imployment. This I mention, not in the leaſt to contradict thoſe Honourable and Excellent Perſons, whoſe very Recreations, by their diving into the Bowels of Nature for the Improvement of Art, prove daily advantagious to the World; or to prove that Muſick has got the whip-hand of her Siſter Sciences, and already arrived to the utmoſt of Practical Excellency; and ſo needs none; but to ſhow, that after all your Hectoriſh Bravadoes,

you

you have moſt manfully, like your ſelf, quitted the Field of *Practical Muſick*, and run for ſhelter to the *Nature and Cauſes of Sounds*, which properly belongs to Philoſophy, and which you, in confidence perhaps that all Men would greedily ſwallow your imaginary Gudgeon the *Eſſay*, particularly waved in the laſt Page thereof.

And now, Sir, I might with very much reaſon finiſh my Letter; but leaſt many of your admiring Readers may be ignorant of the Subject you undertook to write on, it will not be amiſs I think to give them an Example or two within their own Spheres, of the wild Conſequences you draw from the plain Words in my *Obſervations*; as alſo, to make a particular inſpection into ſome few (amongſt many) of thoſe obliging Favours, you, and your *Goodman*, *Mr. Sr. Min Heer*, *Monſieur*, *Senior Don*, *Dominus ſine Nomine de Norwich* (that Grand Maſter of Grammatical Criticiſm and Cocoriſm) have ſo graciouſly Complemented me with, and ſo conclude.

Where, in my *Obſervations*, I give an account of the timely check I took, when I thought my ſelf to be more than ordinarily knowing (a fault Youth is too ſubject to) you infer *All young Men muſt be Fools.*

When I inſtance the continued Ignorance of the Bear-Garden-Uſher at the end of his Annual Proceſſion, you come out with your, *Ergo, I turn all thoſe venerable Anceſtors into Great Bears.*

When I wonder, that throughout your whole Diſcourſe of Muſicks Advantages over other Recreations, yon mention nothing of the Divine Uſe thereof,

thereof, notwithſtanding the many Commands and Examples recounted in Holy Writ to that purpoſe, you roundly conclude, *I am ignorant that* God *is a Scripture-Name.*

When I prove the *Old Scale* to be the moſt certain and eaſieſt way, yet propoſed, for the attainment of Muſick, by the regular ballancing the extreme Parts thereof with removing the *C* Cliff, and the *impertinency* of yours, you cry out, *I'd build a Ladder to reach the Triple Tree of Preferment.*

When I inſert a Phyſicians probable ℞ for the Explanation of the ſuper-abundant Excellencies of your B M T, you infer, *I deter all that underſtand or profeſs Phyſick from the Study of Muſick.*

Theſe, and the like Patterns, your Northern Hector has been exactly careful to conclude by; for from the Exceptions I have made in ſome of my Writings againſt the ill performance of ſome, and needleſs Mathematical impoſitions of others, he ſtoutly avers, *I am the only Confounder of all Muſick*; though almoſt in the ſame Breath, he commends me for my Ability in that Art, and ſeriouſly perſwades me to continue my Studies therein. Which I'le aſſure you, Sir, I take for no ſmall Favour, ſeeing that, by his Exception againſt *Mood*, *Time*, and *Prolation*, without which, no Muſick ever was or can be made, he bountifully manifeſts his wilful or real ignorance of the Subject he pretends to vindicate.

But *Trim Tram*, 'tis all could be expected; the whole buſineſs being as it ſeems, rather to write, than what, or how? And truely, Sir, had I affected

ſuch kind of Fooling (to ſpeak no worſe on't) I might with as much ſhew of reaſon conclude thus from your Diſcourſe and manner of Writing:

Guido *lived in an ignorant Age,*
*But* T. S. *ſtands on* Guido's *Shoulders:*
Ergo, *Thoſe Venerable Anceſtors*
T. S. *has ſtudied are Great Bears.*

And in all probability, might have given the World as much ſatisfaction in that profound way of Arguing, as either of you.

But, Sir, you are not contented to let me eſcape thus; my *Heart* as well as *Opinion* you diſſect, and there make ſuch a diſcovery of Venome, if the *unblemiſhed Fame and ſacred Credit* your Epiſtoler gives you, prove true; that I ſhould wonder how I lived, did not Experience give a better account of my *Vitals.*

The firſt *Viper* you meet with, is *Malice*, which doubtleſs is a Grand Imp of Iniquity wherever found; but, Sir, that a bare oppoſing an Opinion concerning Practice, ſhould be that *Beaſt*, is a thing no ingenious Man can imagin; and for your prety Perſon, I do aſſure you, I never ſaw any thing that could beget more than pity towards it, in pretending to ſo much Learning, and having ſo little Civility.

The ſecond, is *Lying*; wherein, bating Childiſh Excuſes, and artificial Stories to paſs the time with now and then, I never knew my ſelf *formally* guilty of; but truly, Sir, were the *Saddle* ſet on the right Horſe, an Acquaintance of mine would have a great Burthen; for he cannot be content to belye his Neighbors, but himſelf too. Who,

but

but he, Sir, do you think would have affirmed, *That the Obſerver would have approv'd the Eſſay* (and render'd himſelf a Knave to Poſterity) *for a good Fiſh-Dinner ſouc'd in Wine?* Who, but he, *would proteſt that he never required or uſed more than one aſcititious Line over or under the five*, when in the Plate of his Diagram he adds another, and both contrary to his firſt Principle, for *Four Lines only?* Who, but he, *that the Obſerver was forced to quit the Places of his Obligations at* Hackney *for his ill behaviour?* (the contrary whereof will with Truth and Modeſty, be teſtified by all the Perſons, from the Miſtreſſes to the Servants, during his Converſe there.) And who, but he, or *Old Nick* for him, *That thoſe excellent Young-men of His Majeſties Chappel, did many of them perfectly underſtand the Rudiments of Muſick before His Majeſties happy Return?* The contrary being ſo evident, that for above a Year after the Opening of His Majeſties Chappel, the Orderers of the Muſick there, were neceſſitated to ſupply the ſuperiour Parts of their Muſick with *Cornets* and *Mens feigned Voices*, there being not one Lad, for all that time, capable of Singing his Part readily.

*Prophaneneſs* and *Immodeſty* advance next: Concerning which, I have not as yet attain'd to that Phariſaical Sanctity (or rather Hypocriſie) to juſtifie every Word or Action of my Life, I am more ſenſible of the Defects of Humane Nature, and hope, ſhall be more and more, till my happy Change come. But to write prophanely, is a thing I ever abhorr'd, and in confidence I never was guilty of that Sin, I challenge you, and your Brother Trum-

peter, to produce one Word that any rational Man ſhall judge to be ſo. And for Immodeſty, 'tis pleaſant to ſee, how, after you, and your angry Admirer's deteſting that *Paw* ℞ in my *Obſervation*, and crying out againſt it, *'tis ſuch ſtuff as a Man would not touch with a pair of Tongs* (as if you were of that *Sect* who pretend to have found an Art for Propagating Mankind without Females) that neither of you can keep it out of your Mouths, you are ſo in love with it: A cunning way to correct Vice, doubtleſs! and not much unlike thoſe Brethren of iniquity, *who could quickly eſpy a Mote in their Brothers Eye, but not take the leaſt notice of the Beam in their own*, planting themſelves into the *Row* of the Juſt, with this miſapplied *Salvo*, *To the clean all things are clean.* This is Prophaneneſs too, Sir, is it? If it be, 'tis only to thoſe whoſe ſtraight-laced Conſciences will permit them *to ſtrain at a Gnat, and ſwallow a Camel*; not to thoſe who endeavour to walk by that great Law of *Doing as they would be done to.* And ſo farewel *Prophaneneſs*, and your never to be honoured *Apocryphal Beaſt.*

*Ignorance* ſucceeds; which I heartily acknowledge my ſelf to be ſtored ſufficiently with, eſpecially in the *Scholaſtick way of Railing*, wherein you, and your *Honourable Hand-man* are excellent: But, that after the ſpending moſt part of my Studies in Compoſing *Divine Hymns* and *Pſalms*, both in *Latin* and *Engliſh*, taken out of the *Holy Scripture*, either immediately as they lie, or collected as occaſion requir'd, *to remain ignorant that* God *is a Scripture-Name*; this, Sir, is a Favour above all Favours,

Favours, and which through *my ſides* darts at all the Lay Catholicks in the World, but I'le leave them to anſwer for themſelves. The reaſon of this Charge was, becauſe I ſaid, *you mention'd not a word of the Divine Uſe of Muſick in your Eſſay*; which under favour, Sir, I muſt ſay, and ſay again; for, for you to urge that God was the Author of it, is ſhort of the purpoſe, *he being the Author of every good and perfect Gift*, whether uſed in or out of his *Divine Service*; or, to ſay that 'twas uſed as a means to allay *Saul*'s Anger; for the care of his Courtiers, whether Prieſts, Prophets, or others, were to find a *Cunning Harper* to quiet him, not to procure an Act of Devotion in him; no more than what is done in the Caſe of one bitten by a *Tarantula*.

But the *Caſe* is thus: That as you begun your Book *with the Advantages of Muſick above other Recreations*; ſo, after you had ſpun out your Diſcourſe, and *waved* even Philoſophy to mix with it, which you know, Sir, is but the Hand-maid to Divinity and Divine Worſhip; you conclude it, without ſo much as taking notice of either, thus: *But this is ſo far from our Practical Propoſal, that it may ſuffice to have given theſe hints, and ſo withdraw, leſt while I plead for Muſick, as a noble and lawful Divertiſement, it ſhould be found guilty of encroaching upon thoſe more ſerious Studies, to which it is to be only a Recreation.*

By what hath hitherto been ſaid, I hope, Sir, the indifferent Reader will be ſatisfied, that the *Malicious*, *Lying*, *Ignorant*, *Immodeſt*, *Prophane* Parts of your Charge againſt me, are not on my

ſide; but have with as much Modeſty as their nature would permit, return'd from whence they came; though from your ſelf, nothing is to be expected, being you have long ſince declared your reſolution, never to be convinced. There remains now, one only little Favour, which you have been pleaſed to beſtow upon my *Perſon*, that *Mind* and *Body* might be equally Habited, which is, your rendering me Squint-Eyed; and truly, Sir, 'tis of the ſame Tincture with the former.

Had I been *Purblind*, *Copper-Nos'd*, *Sparrow-Mouth'd*, *Goggle-Ey'd*, *Hunch-Back'd*, or the like, (Ornaments which the beſt of my Antagoniſts are adorn'd with) what work would there have been with me? but, thanks be to Heaven, Nature has done her part, and ſo prevented your farther Liberality on this poor Body of mine, and conſequently ſaved me the Labour of following your Tract into ſuch unfrequented Paths, as you have been forc'd to run through, from the Subject you firſt undertook, *to Make a Book*, that whoſoever ſhall put himſelf to the trouble of a ſerious peruſal of, will not at all wonder, that Books are Publiſhed *of the Contempt of the Clergy*, when ſuch as you, who have undertaken the Cure of Souls, ſhould ſpend that Precious Time, in vilifying and detracting thoſe Perſons, *eſpecially Muſicians*, who have been ſo favourable in their frank Inſtructions and Aſſiſtances to your ſelf; the due reward whereof in many grave Mens Opinion, being rather a P— than a P—

And ſo, Sir, with the like Advice you were pleaſed to give me, from the good Example of

Mr.

Mr. *Chr. Simpſon* (referring the Piquant Part of your Book to the Man in Buff) I take my leave, remaining,

Sir,

Your very thankful Servant,

*From my Lodgings in the* Strand,
July 24, 1672.

*M. L.*

# *Duellum Muſicum:*

OR THE

# MUSICAL DUEL.

WHat a murrain is the matter here? that a Man cannot give his Friend half a dozen Lines, but he muſt be ſo hufft and bufft, and rebufft, and ſnufft and pufft at, by a half-witted *Trinitonian?* A *Univerſitie Chicken* that *peep-peeps* about the Town ſtill, with his Shell upon his Head. What ſtrange *Cimmerian* darkneſs have we liv'd in hitherto, that we muſt be beholding to this upſtart *Ignis Fatuus* to light us into the right Paths of Muſick? What a diſmal obſcurity does this quick-ſighted *Argos* find our *Noble Science* wrapt in, that he ſo obſequiouſly

ſequiouſly ſtands at the corner of every Street, crying out to the ſtumbling Muſitians, *Will ye have a Link, Sir?* A prety young confident *Eſſayer*, that will be perching up to the Title of a Reformer, before he can prattle ſenſe. Such another kind of *Innovator* was *Jack Straw*, who would fain be pulling down, before he knew what to ſet up in the place. Or, as if *Taylor*, the *Waterman*, ſhould have endeavour'd a Reformation in Poetry, by debaſing *Spencer*, and crying up his own extravagant Shreds of Nonſenſe. What a long Maggot did poſſeſs that young Skull of his, when he thought by ſuch Abſurdities, to begin a Correction of Muſick. For what is that Ricketty *Embryo* of his kickſhaw Brain, ycleped B M T, but as if he intended to ſet up another *Perkin Warbeck*, to diſinherit the lawful Iſſue of one of the moſt Noble Sciences in the World.

Does this Fidling Potentate intend to maintain an Army of *Amanuenſes*, to tranſcribe the Legions of Muſical Volumes, and Scores already either in Writing or in Print? Or, is it his own Fanatick Attempt (for it deſerves not the appellation of Deſign)

ſign) to plunge the World into an Abyſs of Ignorance, and to confine our Knowledge within the narrow *Circle* of his own *ſtupid Circulation?* Suppoſe B M T were ſent with a Sett of Mottetts to the Pope; what could the poor things expect, but the ſevere puniſhment of the *Inquiſition*, or the ſame hard Fate of direful *Excommunication* which *Virgilius* had for aſſerting the *Antipodes*, and there is as much reaſon for it, for the one ſets Men, the other Muſick on her Head. Whence ſome do conjecture, that however this modeſt Batchelor do inveigh ſo much againſt *Baudy*, yet that he has no unkindneſs for a quaint *Apparition*. Would ever any Man elſe have ſet Muſick in ſuch a ſtrange poſture with her Heels upwards? And thus ſtanding on her Head, ſhe muſt be expos'd not only to Men, but to Boys; who muſt be now forc'd to begin from the Baſe to learn their way to the Treble. Oh the ſtrange, and yet remaining Effects of the Year 666! It has bred another kind of a *Copernicus* with a *Circulating Octave*, that would have *Muſick* ſpin like a Caſting-Top, becauſe his own Childiſh Brains are ſtill taken with the ſport.

But

But I ſhall leave that Idol of *Bell* and the *Dragon*, to be altogether demoliſh'd by a Perſon, whom the *Vindicator* ſeems very much to ſlight, even Mr. *F. Playford* himſelf, whom I think an Antagoniſt deep enough in all Conſcience for ſuch a Maſter of Arts as he is: And that notwithſtanding the *Vindicator* twits him with writing himſelf *Philo-Muſicæ* (a Fault no Scholar would have taken notice of from ſuch a Perſon) yet I cannot find, but that by his own ſedulity he hath attained to more knowledge in Muſick than ever the *Vindicator* is like to do; and that he has done more for the *Advancement of Muſick* than ever that Bauble the *Eſſay* is like to produce. Such Novelties and Paper Projects as theſe, unleſs the Perſon be of a ſubtle Ingenuity, his Arguments very weighty, and the Uſe and Profit of the Invention be very apparent, are but *Voluſi Annales*, meerly *Charta cacata*: And therefore for this bauling *Codrus*, I am reſolv'd to have a fling at his Jacket, though I loſe by the bargain. As for the *Obſerver*, becauſe I dare not preſume, though the raſh *Eſſayer* does, to be ſo Excellent in Muſick as he is, I ſhall therefore leave him to his own Affair:

Only

Only as the *Vindicator* has his touches at me by the by; ſo I am reſolv'd to have my touches at him by the by.

In the firſt place I obſerve, He has been very kind to his Pamphlet, to commend it into the Hands of a Perſon who is reported to be very little affected with the Subject, either deſiring his three *dumb Brats* might be taught to ſpeak, or elſe reprieving his *Infant Cogitations* from the Tragical Candle, or more diſhonourable death of the Cloſe-ſtool; which elſe muſt have been their certain Fate, had they fall'n into the Hands of any other Man, who (to uſe the Language of his own Sect) had underſtood the *empty Nothingneſs* thereof.

*Pag.* 2. He wonders *He ſhould receive ſo little reſpect*, ſince he *profeſſes himſelf to be a Graduate of one of the moſt Noble Univerſities in the World.* And truly I wonder how he durſt profeſs himſelf one of the number. Surely he was either a very great Truant, or elſe of a very unperforable Pericranium; for he ſhews but a ſlender ſign of his Univerſity-Education: Where he ſeems to have ſpent his time rather in the more laudable Exerciſes of Trap and Cricket,

Cricket, than in any ſound Reading; having only leiſure to adorn, and all to bedeck his ſurreptitious Maſter-of-Art-ſhip with the flatulent, droſſie, and unwholſome part of Mock-Learning. So that his *Alma Mater* has the leaſt reaſon in the World to thank him for his taking notice of her. Much better had it been, ſince he would give himſelf the Title of *Maſter of Art*, to have wrote himſelf *ex Ambubajarum Collegio*; a thing we ſhould have much ſooner believ'd, than his being of *Trinity College*.

He is very angry to be compar'd to the *Gentleman Uſher of the Bears*, which he out of his great Experience in reading *Venerable Anceſtors*, terms the *Metamorphoſis* of himſelf into a *Jackanapes*. For my part, I confeſs, I can pick out no ſuch Meaning out of the Words; however 'tis fitting the Gentleman ſhould have the Liberty of his own Interpretation, ſince no body knows what ſhape beſt becomes him, better than himſelf.

He goes on, *And all thoſe Venerable Anceſtors we read*— Pray, good Sir, let me entreat you to leave out the *We*: You read *Venerable Anceſtors!* — *ridete mortales* —

Men

Men that read *Venerable Anceſtors*, never want what is common to all Mortals, only ſome few *Maſters of Art*, the thing call'd *Common Senſe*; and when they take an Author to pieces to anſwer him, never miſtake the plain and palpable Meaning of the Words. I am not ſo fond, to think the *Obſerver* ſo unwary, to compare ſuch a dwindling *Vindicator* to *David*, in that ſenſe which he aſſumes to himſelf, that is not able to conquer the little *wrigling Magots* he ſnaps at: Or to liken him to *Hercules*, otherwiſe than as the Proverb led the *Obſerver*, to ſhew, by his ſilly beginning, what a wiſe end he was like to make.

He now comes to an open Confeſſion of his Inabilities: though afterwards, out of a moſt diſingenious Repentance, he would fain put it off with an Ironie, by which, he endeavours to inſinuate a larger Commendation of himſelf; but the Plot's diſcover'd, and, as the Devil would have it, by his own particular ſelf; for he that a little before was aſpiring to be a *Goliah*, a *David*, a *Hercules*, now condeſcends to be *granted* a *Sot*, a *Coxcomb*, nay *any thing*, rather than not have a Name in the World. Truly 'tis pity no body will take the pains,

to

to make him the Subject of another *Moriæ Encomium*: I humbly conceive, it would be no *Paradox*, as the *Former* was. He makes a ſmall attempt to be a kind of an *Oedipus* alſo, and to put forth a Riddle; talking, *numine Fanatico afflatus*, of *Burleſque upon Poetry*, and *Verſe upon Burleſque*: prety words indeed, however he had the good luck to come by 'um; but ſince they ſtand there without Rhyme or Reaſon, we are bound to believe, that he made uſe of 'um only to ſhew us his great skill and reading in *Venerable Anceſtors*.

He goes on, with much meekneſs confeſſing himſelf to be what indeed he is, a very inconſiderable waſter of clean Paper; rendring himſelf much more contemptible by that vain and ridiculous ſuperbity, that peeps through the Pillory of his own feigned *Humility*. Truly thoſe notable Expreſſions of *Augur-hole*, and *behind the Wainſcot*, do very well become him: A right worſhipful *Maſter of Arts*, and of long ſtanding, and a very great Ornament to *one of the moſt Noble Univerſities in the World*, that has hardly yet forgot his Childiſh Plays of *All Hid*, and *Fools Corner*.

But

But now, *Libera nos Domine*; there is a ſtrange *Hobgoblin* ſtands in his way, which his foreſaid *Humility* ſeems much to fear, but his foregoing *Pride* ſeems much to ſcorn; *A terrible Fellow in Buff*; to encounter whom, he ſeems to have put a great ſhare of that little wit he has, upon the dry Grindſtone of his empty Common place-Book; where after a long ſearch, he finds *Mercury* to be in Conjunction with *Mars*, and therefore gives him the Title of *Epigrammatical Poetaſter*. See how this *Univerſity Muſhrome* begins to ſwell with the Poyſon of his own conceited Imaginations. He that has as little judgment in Poetry, as he has in Muſick, and underſtands an Epigram no more than a wild Inhabitant of *Nova Scotia*, will be nibling at *Characters*, as little to be regarded as his *Ponderous Eſſay*, or his impertinent *Vindication* that follows.

*Neſcis, crede mihi, quid ſint Epigrammata, Flacce.*

It might be expected perhaps the poor Worm ſhould turn again, when trod upon; but 'twas expected withall, that his *Trinity*

*Loins of Mutton* ſhould have inſpired his *Genius* with a more keen Fancy, eſpecially againſt a *Man in Buff*; for I do not find that the moſt piercing of all his Paper-Pellets has made the leaſt ſign of a razure in any part of the *Buff-Coat* he ſo ſmartly ſhoots at. But ye cannot blame him for making ſo ill uſe of his weak Artillery, that appears to be ſo fetter'd and entangled in the application of a Story. Gentlemen, 'twas in ſhort thus: *Marſyas* was a *Phrygian*, a party-per-pale *half Scholar, half Ignoramus*, who would needs propoſe to *Apollo* a Thing call'd an *Eſſay for the Advancement of Muſick: Apollo* laught at it, but becauſe he would not be his own Judge, he choſe many others; and then returns an *Anſwer*. *Marſyas* replyes, by way of *Vindication*. But the Judges found the *Eſſay* and the *Vindication* to be ſo extraordinary frivolous, that they order'd *Marſyas* to be flead alive for his preſumption. This Story grates upon the Ears of the *Trinity Scholar* (as it behoves every Man to look to his own Fleſh) and therefore to allay the fury of a certain Spirit in Buff, which his own Guilt has diſcovered, he has provided himſelf, from the Hands of ſome *South-*

*wark*

*wark* Sorcerer, as is conjectur'd, of a moſt powerful *Charm* or *Spell*, conſiſting of two *Trithemian* Words, *Epigrammatical* and *Poetaſter*; for that you may be ſure was his intention, ſeeing moſt Charms are commonly compoſed of inſignificant Words. And to make it the ſtronger, he has found out another piece of Witchcraft, which he calls *Defunct*. A word, which I dó aſſure him the *Man in Buff* never ſo much as dreamt of; being nothing but what his quaint cunning only did invent, to raiſe to himſelf the ſuperſtructure of a paltry Univerſity Quibble, and that with ſo much ſtraining at wit, as eaſily diſcovers the coſtiveneſs of his Brains. They that will take the pains to read it, may thereby ſoon find out, what a Great *Maſter of Art* can do, if he be hard put to't. But had a Man prais'd him, it had been all one, for 'tis not the quality, but the quantity which he grumbles at. For now he ſeems not ſo mad that Verſes were made upon him, but that there were no more of the ſame kind; as if he meaſur'd the goodneſs of Lines, by the length of the Vicars Hour-glaſs, or the tediouſneſs of his own Repetitions. Gentlemen, I am but one, and therefore

let me desire you to make a Collection among ye, that this our second honest *Tom Coryat* may not want the full desire of his heart. And so good Mr. *Sheepskin* the *Man in Buff* most kindly bids you Farewel.

Thus far the *Exordium*. Now enter *Vindicator in propria personâ*, yclad not in *Buff*, but in a colour something a kin to it, with a little mixture of *Red*. If you like him not in that shape, you may imagin him to be some Mountebank curvetting upon the Stage with a Remedy for Frenzies, or a sleepy Potion for Chyrurgeons to use while they cut off Gangren'd Limbs; for the following Pages are such Hum-drum, drowsie, heavy, impertinent stuff, that a a Man can hardly read 'um over without putting himself to all the inconveniences of Opium: 'Tis like *Lethe* or the *Lotos* Tree. And one would swear that the Author had either drank the one, or eat of the Fruit of the other, for he presently falls into a fantastical Dream, and seems to sit talking idly to himself of a certain Arithmetical Mystery of the Beast, which he has compendiously reduc'd from the Numbers 666 to the Number 81. A subtle kind of trifle that might perhaps have

troubl'd

troubl'd the Brains of *Napier* or *Broughton*, or ſomebody elſe as mad as they, or himſelf, but never to be admitted within the Verge of a ſenſible Obſervation. His ſuppoſition of a Tavern-Invitation, is nothing but meer School-boys prattle, and ſavours onely of the Folly of a contemptible Scribler.

But now, guilty by his own confeſſion of the drowſie *flatneſs* of his foregoing Lines, the Gentleman promiſes much Wit, an abundance of Wit, yea even a ſuperfluity of Wit; but proves the arrant'ſt Cheat in Nature; there not appearing from him from this place to his very *Finis*, ſo much as one *Univerſity Punn*, to ſave his credit: Only a few undigeſted Ironies, ill-contriv'd Reproaches, ſcandalous Miſquotations, and pitiful Vaunting of his own mighty Acts, with a *here I have him* and *there I have him*, *I'le pull him down*, and *I'le cruſh him*; all which are ſo far from Wit, that they only ſmell of the Lees and Grounds of the College-Butlers Tappings. They afford not diſcourſe ſublime enough for a Suburb Coffee-houſe.

He begins with a *Tale* of a *Tale*; but I dare ſay, had the *Scare-crow*, which he has

ſo wittily (by long obſervation of the Girls dreſſing their Babies at home) ſtuft *with ſtraw*, and accoutred with an *old hat*, and a *dirty muckinder*, been to make Remarks upon the ſame *Tale*, he would have done it with more ſoul and vigour, and leſs miſtaken the Authors progreſs to *Application*. Which he, like a moſt juſt *Vindicator*, according to his uſual Method, has moſt faithfully and cordially done. Elſe might he have well applied the Story to himſelf, and made an eaſie diſcovery from the *Obſervers Tale*, what a ridiculous thing it is, for a Young-man to be pragmatical beyond the compaſs of his knowledge.

In the Name of *Rabbi Abraham*, what are theſe? *Galtruchius* and *Ariſtoxenus* both Conjured up, and thruſt by Head and Shoulders into a Diſcourſe, no more *ad Rhombum*, than the Quotations they are forc'd to avouch. For I know no body ſo uncivil to him as to deny him his *ſeven Voices*, ſo that he might have preſerv'd both his *Greek* and his *Latin* Breath to have cool'd his Univerſity Porridge. Only by this you are bound to take notice, that he has not been at *Oxford* for nothing, but that either he himſelf can read *Greek*, or ſome body elſe

elſe for him. By the way, Friend, I adviſe you, not to ſpeak evil of *Lycoſthenes*, for I am afraid by theſe *Quotations* pickt out of *Indexes*, that he is one of your beſt Friends.

A ſecond reaſon of this moſt pompous ſhew of his illuſtrious Learning, was perhaps to remind you of his Reading *Venerable Anceſtors:* Elſe would he never have taken upon him ſuch an *Herculean* Toyl of bringing together his mouldy ſcraps of *Greek* and *Latin*, to prove that which no perſon ever contradicted, nor indeed was ever dreamt to be the Subject of the Diſpute: Like the Country Parſon, that being neceſſitated to ſhew all his *Greek* before the Biſhop of the Dioceſs, quoted an Amorous Diſtich out of *Muſeus*, which had been beaten rather into his Buttocks than his Head, to prove the Reſurrection.

In the next place he makes a *Gladiator-like* Flouriſh: Quoth he, *Come therefore, as* J. Philips *calls thee, come thou* Apollo, *thou Sign of a Sun Tavern.* Pray Gentlemen do me the kindneſs to ſhew me where the Cream and Marrow of this Conceit lies, for a Jeſt I dare not allow it to be; unleſs it be a Jeſt for ſuch a *Pedler* in *Muſick*,

*ſick*, with his Fardle of new-fangled *Gingombobs*, to think with an inſipid *Nick-Name*, to ſully the Skill of a *Perſon* ſo much above the reach of his Capacity. Had he produc'd as much Salt, as (if he had petition'd for it) the loweſt Form in *Paul's* School could have lent him, he might have made ſome progreſs in his Attempt. 'Tis no wonder, Men ſay the World is turn'd *arſie verſie*, when the *Sign-Poſt* ſhall preſume to undervalue the *Sign*. But preſently as if the Gentleman had miſtaken his Mark, he calls the *Obſerver* the Sun's *Rival Luminary*. *Come*, quoth he, *ſee the Circuit of thy Rival Luminary, ſee the like Circulation of the imitating Blood.* What a heavenly Rapture is the Gentleman now in? How his fond Soul skips and leaps, like a fat Heifer in the plentiful *Elyſian Fields* of *Nonſence?* But whence all this joy? only to behold a *Conundrum* of his own Invention, ſtoln out of *Old Butler*, though to diſguiſe the *Theft* he has periwigg'd the prety *Engin* with about half a dozen ſmall Lines of his own Trimming. There you find the thing that tickles his his Spleen; B M T riding Triumphant in a Chariot grac'd with one Wheel, while the

the *Vindicator* like *Biton*, or *Cleobis* draws about his three *Cybele's* to be ador'd in the pig-market, in hopes of ſome ſtrange remuneration. An excellent *Gimcrack* for the Foot-boys in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* to throw Dice upon: For to ſay truth, his pilfer'd Scheme, ſo admirable in his own Eyes, is but a meer toy, and ſhews you nothing, but what has been for many Years *lippis & tonſoribus notum.*

Therefore let him e'ne take his *Rota*, and preſent it to the grave Burghers of the Common-wealth of *Oceana*; for I find it is ſomewhat of the Nature of the Stork, 'twill hardly live under a Monarchy.

Now heav'ns preſerve the three fair Goddeſſes, B M T, for their *Celeſtial Auriga* is juſt about to drive them through a moſt uncouth *Deſart*, where they are like to meet with all the Incumbrances that can put them to the ſqueek, or ſtop the merry motion of their *ſingle-wheel'd Chariot.* Here you ſhall find them jolted by the ſtump of a *Hexacordon*; there half over-turned by a rude heap of *Pentachordons*; in another place ready to be tumbled down the precipice of a *Tetrachordon.* By and by he whirls through an inchanted Vale of

*Fractions*

*Fractions* and *Logarithms*, to deſtroy the poor diſtreſſed *Gamut*, with as much fury, as *Don Quixot* aſſaulted the Wind-mill: And all this ſweat, pains and toyl to as much purpoſe, in reference to the Eſtabliſhment of his new *Whimwham*, as if he had ſet down in place of his *trite* and common *proportions*, the Hiſtory of the Wiſe Men of *Gotam*. Methinks out of the abundance of his learning, and the quaintneſs of his Invention, he might have ſtudied a new way how to avoid thoſe chap-tiring words, with which he amuſes his *Young Beginners*, and have made his *Mother Tongue* beholding to him for teaching her to expreſs in her own Idiom, the Noble Science of *Muſick*, of which ſhe is ſo much the Miſtriſs, and he ſo much the Maſter. That had been an employment far better becoming him, than to ſit ſo amorouſly all day long chucking his three fair Miſtreſſes, B M T, under the Chin. But ſince all this while he hath neither done that, nor any thing elſe for the advancement of his *Eſſay*, we ſhall abandon his frivolous *Arithmetick*, together with his *Corollary*, to the neceſſary uſes of Human Nature. Only one thing we are to take notice of, becauſe he pre-

tends

tends it to be a conceit: 'Tis a pithy one, if you obſerve it. For he is perſwaded that the *Sun appear'd lately with a circle about it, in his defence* againſt the *Obſerver Apollo, its Corrival.* Would you have thought that *Philoſophy* could have found out ſuch an exquiſite ſignification of a *Halo.* But this it is to be a man of Invention; this it is *by the Errancy of the blood to have a great Confluence of Spirits to the brain.* Let any man tell me where there is ſuch a tranſcendent Notion in all *Dubartas*, or where-ever *Schoggan* ſpake any thing ſo ingeniouſly; *Et erit mihi magnus* Apollo.

He is next deſired to reſolve a fair Queſtion; *To what purpoſe are all his Mathematical contrivances, whether they will teach a man to make air, or maintain the point of a* Canon? To which, he with a moſt acute gravity, and a wary prudence anſwers, as if a man ſhould ſay, *There were three Cooks of Colebrook.* — For as for his deſire *to know the nature and reaſon of Muſick*; or his exhortation to *admire the glorious order of its Compoſure*, certainly any man that will, may do all that, without the ridiculous *Aſſiſtance* of his *Fiddle-faddle* B M T. This ſhort and ſweet exhortation, being ended,

he

he *ſinks* again, as he himſelf confeſſeth, into the tedious repetitions of his beloved *Eſſay*; as if he had undertaken to be a Champion rather for the *Cuckow* than the *Nightingale*. And his wonderful drift is to bring his *Dear Firſt-born* into the favour of the World, which he would fain have ro cheriſh his *malapert Stripling*; and to believe that he writes man, before the poor Child can ſpeak plain. By which he thinks to angle to himſelf a notable buſineſs: For, quoth he to himſelf, If I could but perſwade the World, that all my *Fore-fathers* were *puppies* to *me*; and that there was nothing of *true Muſick* upon the face of the Earth, before I came to be Two and Twenty Years of Age; then would all the ignorant race of Mortals be forc'd to come from the North, and the South, and the Eaſt, and the Weſt; yea, from every point of the Compaſs, to learn *Muſick* of *Me*: And I ſhould be the only Teacher under the ſpreading Canopy of Heav'n. Now that this is the *Advancement of Muſick*, which he ſo craftily deſigns, is as plain as his pretty picture before his Book, for why? He is come already from *propoſing*, to *profeſſing*; and to ſhew what high things he aims at, he invites all

all *His Majeſties honourable Servants* to go to School to him at *Hackney*, Famous for the Seminaries of young Girls; but never famous that ever I heard of before for the Inſtruction of *His Majeſties Honourable Servants*: They may take their Bottles and their Baskets, and go if they pleaſe; but I fear the blemiſh he has laid upon them of wanting the knowledge of the *Nature* and *reaſons of Muſick*, till furniſh'd from ſuch a *Bawble-ſtall* as his, has quite knock'd out the brains of his Infant project. And ſo Gentlemen, you may ſafely paſs over to his 32 *p.* without the leaſt detriment to your future knowledge: For I'le ſay that for him and a fig for him, that he is the moſt cautious perſon how he puts his Friends to the trouble or neceſſity of writing much, that ever I met with.

In his 32 *p.* you may find him ſimp'ring to himſelf, with a *Sardonick* ſmile to ſee his *publiſher*, (as he out of his copious ſtock of moſt ingenious and ſcurrilous Eloquence terms it) ſo *arrogantly* aſſaulted. See how this little fly upon the Coach-wheel, would vaunt and ſtrut if it could! Good lack a-day! what a crime it was to aſſault his publiſher? How the poor thing begs and

ſcrapes

ſcrapes for applauſe! as if his deſerts were ſuch as could keep his publiſher from being aſſaulted. Alaſs, we underſtood the worth of his *Publiſher*, without the aſſiſtance of his lean Commendations: And we hope ſo well of him, that when he was pleaſed to countenance ſuch a parcel of Thrums and Mop-rags, as was the worſhipful *Eſſay*, 'twas only in compliance with *Horace*, a better Author than ever he will be; who tells ye, that ſometimes it is — *Dulce deſipere in loco* — which we are the more apt to believe, becauſe it is very credibly affirmed that the Gentleman has ſince openly and candidly diſclaim'd and deſerted the Vindicator's forlorn cauſe as altogether unworty of his Patronage, declaring, he never gave him countenance or Commiſſion to write ſo many extravagant falſities and fopperies, or to ſow his ſcandals and abuſes within the verge of his protection.

His taxing the Obſerver with underſtanding nothing but *Morley*, *Simpſon*, or *Greetings Inſtructions*, I only mention to compleat the number of his predantick Follies; but ſhall leave it to *impartiality* it ſelf, to proclaim the difference between the *Vindicatours* green Extravagancies, and the *Obſervers* Experience. As

As for his ſcandalous reproach thrown upon the *Obſerver*, as if he were ignorant of *the Names* of *God*, *Jubal*, or *Saul*, as it is a cavil founded upon a ſhallow ſurmiſe of his own; an unſeemly reflection, without any ground, upon a man's Religion, ſo it betrayes him not only to a hard opinion of his Scholarſhip, but of his Gentility, and that he has converſt more with Kitts and Petticoats, than with men of Education.

But now the Scene alters, and enter *Vindicator*, like *Sampſon*, between the two *Pillars* of *Dagons Temple*, ready to *pull down the Obſerver in his ruin.* Truly for ſtrength, I fear *Sampſon* will out-do him; but for going blindly to work, 'tis a Cock-pit lay of the Eſſayers ſide.

Hoyday — What's here? More of his Learning? More *Bloſſommings* of his *Maſter of Artſhip?* Stop him there. He has robb'd the Univerſity of all her reaſon at once; and hid the *Promethean* Theft in an old rotten, dirty, muſtie Thing, which as I ſuppoſe, he intended for a Syllgoiſm.

S'life quoth *Keckerman*! What abominable dunce made this? Sacrament! quoth *Burgerſdicius*, In the name of the Lords of *Holland* and *Weſt-Freeſland*, What's here?

Bleſs

Bleſs me! quoth *Ramus*, I vow, quoth he, I never ſaw ſuch a griſly, diſmal, horrible ſpectacle in all the *Pariſian Maſſacre*. And ſurely thoſe great Logicians might well wonder: For ſuch a miſhapen, deformed, crump-ſhoulder'd, Baker-legg'd piece of Vanity, was never born of a Man's brain. Twenty Bears in Twenty Years cannot lick it into form: And to uſe the palmes of his own hands, and faſting ſpittle for the ſame purpoſe, would waſt him into an Anatomy. With what face can he pretend to be a *graduate of one of the moſt Noble Univerſities in the World*, and produce ſuch *a what ſhall I call it*, for a Syllogiſm. The Gentleman indeed had need cry *p.* 59, *hold* his *ſides*, while he mocks at other folks, that has ſo ridiculouſly hamper'd his own reputation, in the ſnare of ſuch a counterfeit piece of St. *Martins* Ware. Who can believe the *Eſſayer* knows *fingers from toes*, as he thinks he does, *p.* 59. that can no better diſtinguiſh between a *Syllogiſm* and a *Chimæra*, or between *Logick* and *Canting*. He would do well to carry it to *Bartholomew* Fair, 'twould be as pretty a ſight to a Scholar as the *Tall Woman*, or an *African Monſter*. Now that you may behold this

*Sign*

*Sign of the Elephant and Caſtle*, turn to his 41 *p.* where you ſhall find the *Pageant* dreſt up in all its *Pontificalibus*.

*That way which requires an abſurdity five times over is much more to be exploded than that which requires it but once.*

*But the Obſervers Old way does require the ſame (condemning) abſurdity five times, which the Eſſayers New one requires but once.*

*Therefore the Obſervers Old way is much more to be exploded than the Eſſayers New one.*

My firſt Objection againſt this Sillogiſm (ſhame faw the lugs of our Maſter of Art) is, that though it conſiſt of *Engliſh* words, yet that it is neither true ſenſe, nor true *Engliſh:* A ſad ſtory, that a Maſter of Art cannot make *Engliſh* of *Engliſh*. *That way which requires an abſurdity five times over*, and *that way which requires it but once.* Did ever any Maſter of Art ſo forget himſelf, as to grant that any Art or Science can *require an Abſurdity?* For,

*Dato uno Abſurdo ſequuntur Mille.*

Behold here a *Trinity* Fly entangled in

 the

the Cobwebs of his own Learning. Is this the bragging *Puller down* and *Cruſher* that Rodomontado'd ſo but juſt now? View where the mighty *Sampſon* lies with the locks of his own ambitious ſtrength quite cutt off by his own *Dalilahs* B M T. And now Maſter of Art, have a care, have a care, for the *Philiſtines* are upon thee. The Common Law of Senſe and Reaſon which thou haſt broken, Proſecutes thee. *Thomas Salmon*, M. A. of *Trin. Coll. Oxon*, hold up thy Hand; for thou ſtandeſt endited for the felonious murder of a Sillogiſm, contrary to the Statutes of Logick in that caſe made and provided; and more than that, for counterfeiting the Kings *Engliſh*, and the Stamp of Soveraign Reaſon; of all which thy Country hath found thee guilty: And now what haſt thou to ſay why Sentence ſhould not paſs againſt thee according to Law? March to the Place of Execution; and ſo the Lord have mercy on thee, for a Poor Scholar.

Having objected againſt the *Engliſh*; I am in the next place to condemn the *form* of the *Sillogiſm*; For this is a certain Rule,

*Concluſio non differt a queſtione.*

But

But his *Major* and *Concluſion* are ſo far from agreeing, that the Concluſion which ought to be a part of the Argument, quite varies from it. His Major is,

*That way which requires an abſurdity five times over, is much more to be exploded then that which requires is but once.*

His inference is,

*Therefore the Obſervers old way is much more to be exploded than the Eſſayers New one.*

Let them that are dim-ſighted put on their Spectacles, and try if they can find the *Eſſayers New one* in the *Major*; which ought, as he intended his Silloginſm, to have been the extream term of his firſt Propoſition; which being left out in the Major, daſhes his whole Silloginſm in pieces againſt the known Maxim of Logick.

*Quòd non debet eſſe plus aut minus in concluſione, quam fuit in premiſſis.*

In the next place, there ought not in a Silloginſm to be more than *three Terms*. But in the *Medium* of this Silloginſm you ſhall find a *fourth Term* by the name of the *Same Condemning* ſhoulder'd in; to what pur-

poſe the Lord of *Gloceſter* knows. It being a thing quite contrary to another Logical Rule,

*Omne medium debet eſſe unicum, quod enim unit, id ipſum debet eſſe unicum.*

Since then, neither by his falſe *Engliſh*, nor by his falſe and Illiterate Sillogiſm he hath prov'd the Obſervers Old way to have any *abſurdity* at all; at his requeſt, we will freely grant him that *One abſurdity* which he requires, with all appurtenances thereto belonging; which, (if he have not found out as New and ſtrange an Eſſay in Logick, as he has in Muſick,) he will find to be a great many. And then behold this *Coloſſus* of an Argumentator, how ridiculous muſt his fall appear, to thoſe that ſee his maſſie Heels tripp'd up by his own *Condeſcention* and *Confeſſion*. For,

*That way which has one Abſurdity, has a thouſand Abſurdities.*

*The Eſſayers New way has one Abſurdity.*

Ergo

*The Eſſayers New way has a thouſand Abſurdities.* From whence,

*That way which has a thouſand Abſurdities is utterly to be exploded.* The

*The Eſſayers New way has a thouſand Abſurdities.*

*Therefore the Eſſayers New way is utterly to be exploded.*

On the other ſide.

*That way which has no Abſurdity, is to be allowed.*

*But the Obſervers Old way has no Abſurdity,*

*Therefore the Obſervers Old way is to be allowed.*

Surely juſt ſuch a Maſter of Art was that Cook in *Rome*, upon whom the following *Epitaph* was made, and which may in time with a little alteration ſerve to immortalize the memory of our *Hackney Logician.*

*Hic jacet* Jodocus
*Qui fuit* Romæ *Cocus*,
*In Artibus Magiſter*,
*Qui Argumentavit vel bis ter*,
*Semel in* Celarent,
*Ut omnes admirarent*
*Bis in* Friſeſmorum
*Requieſcat in Secula Seculorum.*

And thus much as concerning a thing call'd a Sillogiſm, the *Author* of which, being a certain young man, I adviſe to take the *Obſervers Horn-book*, and his *Accidence*, and two pieces of Bread and Butter clapp'd together, and get him to School again, and to leave off his Fooling with *Eſſayes* and *Vindications*, and diving into Arguments, till he have got more Wit and more Learning.

But becauſe the Sillogiſm will not take, he is reſolv'd to be-lye the *Obſerver*; telling ye an idle ſtory, that the *Obſerver* makes the Sillable *Ut* to *force the Tongue againſt the Roof of the Mouth.* This is altogether falſe: He tells ye indeed, that there are Conſonants which will do it, as moſt certainly there are; but aſcribes no ſuch efficacy to that particular *Sillable*, as he with his uſual gift of miſtaking, endevours to demonſtrate. And therefore his ſuppoſition that the *Obſervers Tongue hung the wrong way*, was but an effect of the wrong hanging of his own giddy Brains.

But this is common: Even in the next page, behold another piece of his wonted miſ-quotation. The Obſerver cries out, *O Reformation! how amiable art thou in the Noſtrils*

*Noſtrils of them that cannot ſee! Was it ever heard, felt, or underſtood, that the Toning of the Voice muſt take its riſe from a Semi-tone*, &c. This the *Vindicator* calls a reſolution in the *Obſerver to be for the future guided by his ſeeing, feeling, and underſtanding Noſtrils*, and terms it *a moſt excellent expreſſion to ſhew* a further *advancement of his Learning*. A meaning he could never have pick'd out of the words, had not ſome *Jacob Behmen* enlightened his Pericranium, as indeed 'tis very fit that one *Heretick* ſhould help *another*. But 'tis a ſtrange thing, that he that ſo much ſcorns the *Horn-book*, ſhould want a feſcue for his own underſtanding. Is it not a miracle, that a *Vindicator* ſhould ſo grope in the dark, and blunder through his adverſaries text, that carries ſuch a ſpiritual Lanthorn about him, beſides the *Flambeaus* of his own Wit and Memory.

But ſo it is, that now again becauſe he cannot Anſwer the Queſtion propoſed, (as no body did ever expect he ſhould,) that therefore he gives his old preceptor *Miſquotation* a Letter of Attorney to ſpeak for him. Truly, my dear Friend, three falſe Quotations in leſs than two Pages, are

not ſo commendable a virtue as you may imagin. What will the World think of your Book, cramm'd with ſo many imperfect and inſipid untruths? A moſt ſpecial *Vindicator*, who becauſe he cannot anſwer Objections propos'd, will raiſe other ſtupid ones of his own, which he thinks himſelf to have a more facil way of confuting. For whereas the Obſerver thought it ſtrange, that the *Toning of the Voice ſhould take its riſe from a Semi-tone*, He taxes the Obſerver of accuſing him for beginning to learn *the Monoſyllables from a Hemi-tone*. To which the *Vindicator* anſwers, *p.* 54, That thoſe Sillables are not *learnt for any airy pleaſantneſs in themſelves, but as rudiments to diſtinguiſh Notes and half Notes*, &c. Gentlemen you hear his acute and pertinent reply, ſet off with a ridiculous *Though I have often told him.*

What a *Magnificent Bubble* is this, to talk of *telling* and *anſwering*, and at the ſame time to betray ſuch a ſottiſh dotage, as not to know what a true anſwer is. The thing is ſo plain, that 'twould be a *Vindicators* folly to inſiſt further on it.

The conceit of having ſo exquiſitely anſwer'd that Objection, has ſet him a crowing

ing moſt violently upon his own dung-hill. His imagination is highly tickl'd with the Obſervers telling him that *Miſtreſs* Mi *is rambled out of her Apartiment and turn'd Quean.* *But* quoth he, *Let her ramble into all the Apartiments about the Town, ſhe ſhall never want a gentleman Uſher, as long as he is able to man her.* And of this, he is as ſure as that *four two pences make two groats.* How pleaſant the Gentleman is, now he has got an oportunity to fancy himſelf in *Luteners-Lane*; for you may gueſs at his haunts, by his ſingle Money. You ſee, as early day as it is, how expert he is: And would you have thought ſuch a modeſt young man had been creeping into the Houſes of Iniquity already? But the Devil oft-times carries youth to thoſe places, out of his great zeal to make them deteſt their Vices. Come, come, ne're bluſh for't: As good abroad as at home; For if *Miſtriſs Mi* be a Quean, ſhe's one of his own making; (perhaps not the firſt has been made at a Boarding-School,) and ſo the Gentleman-Uſher returns back to his Bed-Chamber, wholeſomely to adviſe him, to look well to the Calves of his own Leggs, and not to be ſo vainly merry with his ſmutty and ungentle

reflections

flections upon other mens Converſations.

He tells ye, *he honours Mr. Simpſon*, and yet ſome Pages before, looks upon him ſo much beneath his *great reading*, that he only thinks him a Companion for the *Obſervers mean Capacity*. The beſt on't is, we look upon him as a *real Exception* to all true *Maxims*. For if *honour* were in *honorante*, while he is the beſtower, ſad were our Condition. But there is no ſuch thing in him, or that can come from him; it is rather a blemiſh, than a praiſe, to be well ſpoken of by him; and therefore let him honour e'ne who he pleaſes.

He proceeds to a great Aſtoniſhment at the *Obſervers reſentment, againſt any propagating the knowledge of Muſick*, thereby *thinking* to raiſe to himſelf a vain oſtentation of his own endeavours. He means doubtleſs, the famous *Eſſay*: A worſhipful *Advancement of Muſick* indeed, which the moſt ingenious Author durſt not truſt into the World, without the ſtrong recommendation, and moſt notable bleſſing of a Publiſhers Preface. For which courtiſie of helping a lame dog, *Ferunt & aiunt*, that ſome body or other had paid him in *pecuniis numeratis* four Pound ten Shillings,

which

which render'd that ſome-body a wiſe man, and the Counterfeit Eſſayer a meer Muſical Cully: And ſhews you how little Wit or Memory he had, to tax the Obſerver for being Mr. *Playfords hireling*. Alas! had the Gentleman found there had been any reputation to have been gotten by the *Eſſay*, He would ſoon have wrench'd it out of the *Vindicators* feeble hands, and aſſum'd it to himſelf.

And therefore I would have this idle contemner of the *Obſerver*, forbear thoſe *Hackney*-windy-Bottle-Ale-expreſſions *of my Eſſay, my way, my Octaves, my Circulation*. 'Twere a modeſty more becoming him, than the folly of an impertinent *Vindicator*, and more worth his while, for the fame he will get by his works. But amongſt the reſt of his *My's*, What think you of *My Stationer?* By my troth, he is well hope up with an *Author*. I pity the poor man's caſe, for in a ſhort time the City will find him out, and then he muſt either fine or hold.

In his 70. *p.* he proſecutes the Obſerver for *ſpoiling his Marriage*, as he pretends, for declaring him to have a *rubical Complexion*. What a ſtrange *Map of Modeſty* this

this is, to be daſh'd out of Countenance by his own Face? No, No, my dear Friend, 'tis not the Colour will injure you; but you are ſo baſhful, ſo modeſt, ſo nice, ſo ſtartled at the very ſound of a baudy word, that it makes the Women believe you have only a little heat in your Face, and none no where elſe. Otherwiſe a Maſculine complexion would rather promote, than diſappoint your *Conjugal attempts*. Nay, I dare affirm, (if it be not as I ſay) that the Ladies are ſo mild, ſo courteous, ſo meek, ſo endearing, ſo obliging, ſo tender-hearted, and merciful, that they will never reject a young mans ſuit for a pimple upon his Noſe; nor conſent to that wicked intention of the Obſerver; or rather, that wilful miſtake of his, of throwing duſt in a Squires Face, where he ſhould have daub'd his *Pommatum*. Bnt whence comes this red Face? not by Drinking, nor Smoaking. But as Dr. *Lower* learnedly tells ye, Ladies; *lib. de Sanguine*, a Book which ye have all read, *by the errancy of the Blood*, which cauſes *a great conſluence of Spirits to the Brains*. A reaſon well urg'd to underſtanding Widows and Maids, but not to Illiterate men.

For

For how can this be apply'd to a perſon that has neither *Brains* nor *Spirits*? 'Tis you, therefore, (Ladies) that are guilty, and not the *Obſerver*. 'Tis you that have kindled thoſe fires in his Breaſt, that have ſo ſadly ſcorch'd his Countenance; Diſdain not therefore *your own Martyr*. What though you have tann'd his Face with the flaming beams of your Beauty; yet is his Mind as white as Snow, and his Thoughts as pure as *Lambs-Conduit*-Water. For ſurely no *Phariſee* did ever pretend to more Piety and Virtue, than he aſſumes to himſelf on every ſlight occaſion. *Nihil eſt te ſanctius uno* — Nay, this very redneſs of his Complexion forſooth, muſt be the Gentleman-Uſher to his Godly life. He'l make ye believe ſhortly, that his Noſe is the Sunſhine of the Goſpel. But all is not gold that gliſters; for methinks, with a little crum of Riboldry, as he terms it, in the Obſervers Anſwer, (ſuch as has been ever allowed in Satyrical replies) I thought at firſt the modeſt maidenly Gentleman would have fall'n into a Fit of the Mother; but when I found him chomping and chawing it ſo often in his Vindication, it was apparent then, that 'twas not Anger which had

had overcome him; but the ſweetneſs, and Honey-combneſs of the expreſſion, that had ſo raviſh'd his pallate, ſo that he could even have ſwallow'd it. He does ſo tongue it, and lick it, as if 'twere his dear Concubine B M T. So often and needleisly repeated, as if he took occaſion to ſcold at the *Obſerver*, only that he might have an oppotunity to dandle the delicious *ſucket* upon the tip of his laſcivions Inſtrument of taſting.

He endeavours now of his great gratitude, to the Obſerver, to ſhew you, that he has not been only at the Univerſity, but at School too, though where with moſt advantage to his Learning, will puzzle a good Caſuiſt to judge. However, in Robbing *Peter* to pay *Paul*, he has made a hard ſhift to tranſcribe a certain Epigram out of *Val. Martial*, as he calls him; a way of citing *Martial* that I never knew a Scholar much guilty of; but perhaps he took *Val* for *Martials* Chriſten name, and then I cannot blame him for uſing that cunning mark of diſtinction. But what has *Martial* to do with the *Obſerver*? why, nothing that I know of; but only to tell ye, that the Obſerver wears a Peruque as many other men do, and

and that he has made uſe of a youthful expreſſion, to put a deſerved mockery upon the Harlotry *Dalilah's*, of ſuch a young *Pragmaticus*. Who, if he had ſo pleas'd, might have obſerv'd, that the very Author whom he cites, makes uſe of far more ribaldry (as he calls it) when he meets with ſuch an Impertinent, as the *Eſſayer*, and thinks it convenient to have his guils well rubb'd with his Satyrick Salt. For example, being to reprehend the folly of ſome trifling *Eſſayer* or other of his time, a great Braggard, though but a ſmall performer, and Scandalouſly invective againſt his Seniours and Superiours; He handles him without Mittins, as you may perceive in the following lines preſented the Vindicator in liew of his own Tranſcription.

Lib. 10. Epiſt. 11.

*Nil aliud lubris quam* Theſea, Perithoumq;
*Teque putas Pyladi, Calliodore, Parem.*
*Diſpeream, ſi Tu Pyladi preſtare matellam*
*Dignus es, aut Porcos paſcere* Perithoi.

Thou talk'ſt of *Theſeus* and of *Perithous*,
And cry'ſt, great Pylades is much below us.

Ne're

Ne're let me live, if ſuch a bouncing ſott
Be worthy but to ſcowr the Chamber-pot
Of *Pylades*, or for a brace of juggs
To clenſe the Sties of *Perithous* Hoggs.

This, in brief, ſince he is pleas'd to remit the *Obſerver* to my *Conſtruction*, is all the Character that I can give of his Works. For what has *Green tail*, and *Onion-like Fornicotar* to do with a difference about the *Gamut*. But the Gentleman muſt be *ala mode*; For now we can neither plead nor argue contrary, but the particular lives and converſations of men muſt be ravel'd into, to make ſlender arguments for weak Themes, and feeble Cauſes: A kind of unmannerly Oratory, that deſerves to be convinc'd rather by Horſe-Logick, than by replies of Pen and Ink.

Page 78. He ſayes there is *one ſcrap of an Argument* behind yet. That *theſe Gentlemen*, meaning the Kings Servants, *attain'd* to their *eminence in Muſick* by the Old Scale. What fairer Argument would this great Muſitian have, than ſuch a one, to prove that there is no need of his *Ledger du main*? If the Scale now in uſe be a ſufficient *cauſe*, what need He, or any other ſuch unskilful Buſie-body trouble their brains

brains whether it be the *Cauſa ſine qua non*, or no? *'Twere pity*, quo he, *but the Scale were cut in Alablaſter, and ſhew'd among the Tombs.* And 'twere pity, quo I, but His geugaw, B M T, were cut in Paper for Comfit-makers Boxes; or more ſeriouſly lay'd up among *John Tradeſcants* Bawbles. Surely ſince thoſe Gentlemen he ſpeaks of did not attain to their *Eminency* by inſpiration, as no queſtion but their own Mortality will confeſs the contrary; 'tis a very ſtrange piece of over-weening rancour in the Vindicatour, to deprive the Poor Harmleſs *Gamut*, of that petty Honour, which is due to the rudiments of all Sciences: Juſt like the Mountebank *Pædagogues* about the Town, that will be reviling the ſtanch Foundations of Ancient *Lilly*, to uſher in their pedantical lucubrations, and to get themſelves a ſilly credit in the World, by ſeeking to cajole the Parents of their Scholars with their own new-fangled Hereſies. And all this while, where lyes the ſtreſs of ſo much *Trinitonian* fury, but only againſt the miſerable *Ut*, and forlorn *Re*? For *Mi*, *Fa*, *Sol*, *La*, are his white Boys ſtill, and admitted into the School-Room to converſe with his young Gentlewomen,

B M T as formerly. Would ye know the reaſon; on my word 'tis a profound one: For, thinks he, now the *Gamut* is gelt, it may be truſted among Maiden Gentlewomen, which before was ſomewhat dangerous, when it had the two teſticles of *Ut* and *Re*, annexed to it. Though I wonder how B M T themſelves ſcape his laſh, there being as much reaſon why *Baſe*, *Mean*, and *Treble*, damm'd obſolete Terms of Muſick, ſhould ſuffer the ſcourge of this Innovating Whipping *Tom*, as *Gamut* and *A re*.

Therefore might our worthy Vindicator have ſpar'd his frivolous conceit, that *Thoſe* Gentlemen *came to be no more eminent for having read the Scale*, than the *Macedonian for conquering the World, becauſe his name was Alexander*. An inference that has no more coherence with ſenſe than *Bedlam* with any thing of *Trinity-College* but himſelf.

'Tis a *Janus*-like fanſie, that looks two ways at once; one part of his Argument rows one way, and the other looks another way; or to make it yet plainer, as if one Waterman ſhould row one way at the head, and another the quite contrary way at the ſtern,

ſtern, till they pull the Boat in pieces; which indeed is the true Character of all the Arguments in his Book. True reaſon would have kept him cloſe to his text, and have told him there was as much likelihood of *Alexanders* learning the principles of War, as there was, that the other ſhould be taught the Rudiments of Muſick; ſo that if he will grant our Muſitians to be eminent, It will be an eaſie thing, without his aſſiſtance, to prove that the firſt ground and ſource of their Eminency aroſe from their knowledge of the Scale, which is the firſt principle of Muſick; as we may well believe the firſt riſe of the *Macedonian's* greatneſs was from the great knowledge he had of the firſt Elements of War; which being the primary grounds of his Knowledge, were the primary cauſe of that greatneſs which he attain'd by his Knowledge. And thus I ſuppoſe, the Horn-book and Primar were the firſt Originals of that great learning to which our Vindicator imagins himſelf to have ſo ſublimely clamber'd. But this is common ſenſe, and therefore a thing too mean for him to take notice of, or elſe without the verge of his underſtanding.

With the ſame zealous indiſcretion he walks caterwauling, like Puſs upon the Tiles, over another as true a Maxim as any the *Obſerver* ſets down; which is, *That the Old Scale is the only Univerſal Character, by which all People of all Nations and Religions converſe in Muſick:* A thing never to be denied, but by the ſchiſmatical diſſonancy of the *Vindicators* ill-bak'd cogitations. For to tell ye that, *becauſe all* Engliſh *or* French, *whether they be in* Europe *or* America, *ſpeak* Engliſh *or* French, therefore *that* French *and* Engliſh *are two Univerſal Characters*, is but another reſty ſtumble of his own illiterate Fancy. The Concluſion it ſelf, as are all the Concluſions that he makes, is abſolutely falſe and erroneous. For though, for an *Engliſhman* or a *Frenchman* to underſtand *French* or *Engliſh*, nay though each underſtood both, render neither of thoſe Languages Univerſal, yet when an *Engliſh* Muſician ſhall by the help of the known Scale, read the Scores of *Italian*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, *High-Dutch*, *Low-Dutch*, *Poliſh*, *Swediſh*, or of any other Muſicians now known in the World; ſhall ſing their Songs at firſt ſight; play their Airs with the ſame nimbleneſs; ſurely that Cha-

racter

racter by which they perform all this, must with the leave of his most eminent Parts, be accounted positively Universal. And therefore for his own ignorance we are neither bound to know, or care to know how to cure it; or if he be blind or cannot spell, the latter of which is most likely, 'tis no fault of the *Observers*. In the last place he lays down five Propositions, which he advises the *Observer*, out of the pride of his silly Heart, to consider before he make himself ridiculous;

—— *Dii te*, Damasippe *deæque*
*Verum ob consilium donent tonsore* ——

But give me leave to tell him, they are not worth an Atome of Consideration, not the least thought of a Rag-woman: For the first and third were things consented to before he had the honour to be born, or the wit to advise; as for the other three, they are but *mendicatory Good your Worships*, lowsie beggings of the Question, the very same Cony-catching Impostures, which he has been all this while so vainly imposing upon the World, for his own private advantage at *Hackney*, and upon which there has been too much time trifled away already; the Epitome of an idle

Pamphlet; the beginning of which is nothing to the purpoſe, the middle a very nonſenſical piece of Impertinency, and the latter part a parcel of undigeſted Nonſenſe, concluded with the groſſeſt brand of Infamy that ever was fix'd upon the *ſober* and *ingenuous* Part of the World, whom he ſo foully accuſes to have *entertain'd* ſuch kind *thoughts* of his obnoxious Raillery; a ſcandal, which if they forgive him, will bring them within the verge of a moſt deſperate forfeiture: though never to his advantage; for it will but make the young unwary *Icarus* ſoar with the more boldneſs above his underſtanding, till he melt his Wings, and plunge himſelf into all the deepeſt Abyſſes of Abſurdity.

Thus much for *Tobit*, now for his *Little Dog following him.* A certain kind of Letter-Monger, that with much Imprudence, nothing of Truth; much of Confidence, nothing of Learning; comes a day after the Fair, to ſet his *probatum eſt* to the Mountebankeries of his Maſter Quack. He was mightily overſeen that he did not fix a Label of the Muſical Cures wrought by his Benefactor, like a *Covent-Garden Charlatan*: Then might the worſhipful Title

of

of the *Eſſay* and *Vindication* have been more happily exalted, as frequently they were, by the Induſtrious Stationer, jigg by jowl, with *no Cure no Mony*, or the *Three Infallible Medicines*, upon every poſt of the City, when back'd with ſo many Atteſtations as one of *Melpomene*'s Knights of the Poſt, with a little labour could have eaſily brought him. You may know what part of the Creation he is, by his Braying. This is he that follows the Vindicator, as the Bell-man's Cur follows his Maſter. A kind of Beetle engender'd by the heat of a *Trinity* Meteor, who while the moſt radiant Luminary mov'd in our Hemiſphere, ſlept all the time, but He being ſet in the Ocean of his own Fopperies, up comes this drowſie Inſect, buzzing into your Ears the Vindicators Praiſes; like the Dor-flies, with which the Young Painter in *Boccace* ſo affrighted his Maſter *Enfalmacco*. This is he, who being perhaps as well pay'd for his Letter, as the other was for his Preface, ſtands ready like the Fool in the Play, to juſtifie whatever miſtakes the Vain glorious Squire ſhall be guilty of. I ſhould have expected this Miſerable *Tooter*, with his diminutive Trumpet to have

ſtood at the Dore of the *Monſtrous Vindication* to draw in Cuſtomers, with a *ſtep in Gentlemen*; and not to have come ſneaking at the end of a Pamphlet, as if he were only the Vindicators Excrement, and indeed that very Apocriphal Fart he ſpeaks of, fizzled from the tayl of his own Muſical Pedagogue, and faſten'd upon him, as my Lady puts her ſcapes upon *Button*. You may eaſily take the Height of his Knowledge without a *Jacobs* Staff; for he tells ye, he has *receiv'd conſiderable advantages* from the *Eſſayer*. This is juſt according to the Proverb *Aſinus Aſinum ſcabit*. But now ——

*Cedite Romani —— Cedite Graii ——*

By'r leave, Gentlemen, for a *Hyperbole*, would make the very Hoops of the Tun of *Heidelbergh* flie. *But your Credit*, quoth he, *is too Sacred* —— Sure the Vindicator muſt be either a *Nazarite* from his Cradle, or ſome particular vow of ſeparation to the Lord; elſe how ridiculouſly looks the grand and Royal Title of *Sacred* ſo undecently beſtowed upon the low Credit of a bare Young B M T-monger, and more in-

indiſcreetly ſuffer'd by an Oſtentatious Vindicator. But let him write another Pamphlet, though ne're ſo ſimple, and Majeſty ſhall hardly ſuffice him; let him but add a fourth, and you ſhall find *N. E*, will make him a God. Well Mr. *N. E.* I find you can part with your Commendations at a cheap rate: Though I had thought, men ought to have valu'd their Certificates at a higher price, then that of Herrings and Mackaril. But this it is, when inconſiderate ſtart-ups will be ſcribling, that know not how to guide their Pens. In my opinion we will allow the puff'd up Vindicator to take all *N. E's.* petition'd-for Praiſes to himſelf, and make his beſt of them. Let him but wear them a little in the wind, and he'l ſoon diſcover the baſeneſs of their Metal: For is there any perſon ſo mad, as to think *Sodomy* the more commendable, beauſe a Cardinal once wrote in praiſe of it. However we find large Commendations given to the Nonſenſe and arrogance of an *Eſſay*, and a more unneceſſary and loathſome *Vindication.* Which indeed renders the Commender the greater Impoſtor of the two. Thus they that will undertake to praiſe

and

and ſell their tinſel Wares for right Silver or Gold, are far greater Cheats than they who make them for ſuch. Men, and Scholars eſpecially, that intend their Encomiums ſhould be believ'd, ſhould conſider whom and what they praiſe; and not with ſuch an inſipid Prodigality waſt the Jewels of Commendation, as if they were caſting Beans by peck-fulls to fat Boars. Such Magnifyings, rather become Diſcommendations, while the unwary Epiſtle-maker does but baffle his own good Intentions to his Friend. So that if any of the Two, be happy in the Famous *Letter* of *N. E.* 'tis the Obſerver, while his Reputation grows to be the more notorious, by the weak endeavour of a frivolous Author to load him with a heap of paltry Scandals, and empty Forgeries. A lewd extoller, and by conſequence a more contemptible diſpraiſer. 'Tis well known that the ſoundneſs, if not profoundneſs of the Obſervers Judgement and Skill in Muſick, and the Excellency of his performance favour'd by ſo great a Monarch and his Queen, both whom he ſerves in fair repute, are far above the envy of ſuch a Momus as *N. E.* or the hairbrain'd Invention

tion of B M T. And therefore,

*Zoile, quid ſolium ſubluto podice perdis?*
*Spurius ut fiat, Zoile, merge caput.*

Neither do I find this Letter-Miſſive-Gentleman, teazing only the Obſerver; but in his teſty Choler, yerking alſo at *Hudibraſs*, *Rablaiſe*, and *Don Quixot*, Authors in their kind, whoſe Trenchers he is not worthy to ſcrape; not without a modicum of invective againſt thoſe neceſſary aſſiſtances of Muſick, *Mood*, *Time*, *Prolation*, and *Ligatures of long Notes*; which if Fidlers, and ſhallow Compoſers have laid aſide, are yet ſuch *ſtrict Obſervances*, as render them of far greater Conſequence to a Learned Muſician, than his Epiſtolary ignorance is aware of.

If this be one of the *ſober and ingenious* part of the World of which the Vindicator brags, He's a ſad Mortal, God wot; A miſerable Dogger-Boat for ſuch a matchleſs Eſſayer to venture the Shipwrack of his *Sacred Credit* in. A doughty Squire to accompany the Invincible Champion of B M T. Let them e'ne go together with their Muſical Hoop; which if it

ever

ever bring them any advantage, beſides that of Pence a piece, for tumbling through, like *Hocus Pocus's*, is paſt the belief of more of the ſober part of the World then I am apt to believe either of them acquainted with.

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To

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TO

# *THOMAS SALMON*,

## M. A. of *Trinity College, Oxon.*

Author of the *Eſſay to the Advancement of Muſick.*

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*Sir*,

SInce you have engaged me, as well as Mr. *Lock* and Mr. *Philips*, by putting my Name with theirs in your Book, and that in ſuch abuſive and ſcoffing Language; I conceive my ſelf obliged to joyn with them in acknowledgment of that your kindneſs. If my Lines ſavour not of your Academical Learning, I hope you will excuſe me; however, I ſhall do my endeavour to write more civilly than you, though in a more homely Stile. The Thanks, Sir, which I intend to return, is only a brief accompt of thoſe few Inſpections which I have made into your new and elaborate *Eſſay to the Advancement of Muſick, &c.* with ſome ſhort Reply's in defence of the Old Scale of Muſick. This being a Work of no great difficulty, I have the more readily and willingly undertaken it; and (for a return of your Favours) ſhall make bold to preſent you with theſe my Remarques.

Firſt, Before your Title Page appears the Picture of

of a Fine young Lady (of Muſical Education in *Hackney* School no doubt) Playing and Singing to her Lute. 'Twas excellent policy to fix ſuch a fair Bait there, for it will moſt certainly catch both the Eyes and Hearts of all our new ſoft-headed Gallants; and undoubtedly draw more Spectators to your Book than ever Merry *Andrew* did to his Maſter *Jacob Halls* Stage.

Next is the Title, or a Deſcription of what is held forth in your Book, in as many large promiſing Words and Truths, as there is in thoſe Mountebank Doctors Bills; which are paſted up at every piſſing Corner; (and it was ingeniouſly done of your Stationer Mr. *Car* to paſte your Title alſo in the ſame places, ſince they do ſo well correſpond;) 'tis in theſe words, *An Eſſay to the Advancement of Muſick, by caſting away the perplexity of different Cliffs, and uniting all ſorts of Muſick, Lute, Viol, Violin, Organ, Harpſichord, Voice,* (with *&c.* to include all other kinds, as Bagpipes, Jews-trump, Drums, Trumpets, Tongs, *&c.*) *in one Univerſal Character.* And that we might not think this Work deſigned by a mean or obſcure Perſon, it follows, *By* THOMAS SALMON, *Maſter of Arts of* Trinity College *in* Oxford. But how well this is made out by you in your following Diſcourſe, I leave to the judgment of all ingenious Muſicians.

In the following Page is an Epiſtle by Mr. *John Birchenſha*, your Publiſher, no mean Perſon in the Science of Muſick, witneſs his Learned *Templum Muſicum*, and this his Epiſtle, or *Flambeau*, to Light all Muſicians out of their *Egyptian* Darkneſs,

neſs, to behold the *New Light* or *Muſical Elyſium* held forth in your *Eſſay*: And this Commendatory Epiſtle is ſo ſubtlely and plauſibly done, to the Advancement of your new Reformation, that he deſerves double the Reward he received for it. It begins thus: *There is not any Art, which at this day is more Rude, Unpoliſh'd, and Imperfect in the Writings of the Ancient and Modern Authors, than Muſick; for the Elementary part thereof, is little better than an indigeſted Maſs, and confuſed Chaos of impertinent Characters, and inſignificant Signs. It is intricate and difficult to be underſtood; it afflicts the Memory, and conſumeth much time, before the knowledge thereof can be attained: Becauſe the Cliffs are divers; their Tranſpoſitions frequent; the Order and places of Notes very mutable; and their denominations alterable and unfix'd. Theſe things being conſidered by the ingenious Author of this Book, (who endeavoureth only a reformation of the Regulative Principles of Practical Muſick) he hath here preſented thee with an Eexpedient, for the redreſs of theſe Obſtacles, &c.*

Now, Sir, you being that ingenious Author here mentioned, which has by your elaborate Pains, great Learning, and ſubtle Invention, found out this new Expedient or Reformation, I ſhall leave the Publiſher and Epiſtle, and proceed to examin the ſeveral Particulars and great Advantages propoſed to us by your Book.

The firſt Chapter is nothing to the purpoſe of Reformation, but a bare Diſcourſe of the Advantages of Muſick, which is frequent in all Authors that have written of that Science.

The

The ſecond Chapter is entituled, *The Gamut Reform'd:* Here the Axe is laid to the Root, and you begin your Reformation thereof in words of reproach and defamation, thus: *That which firſt of all terrifies a Beginner, is a long Diſcourſe of Gibbriſh, a fardle of hard Names and fictitious Words, called the* Gamut, *preſented to him perfectly to be learned without Book, till he can readily repeat it backwards and forwards; as though a man muſt be exact in the Art of Conjuring before he might enter upon Muſick.* Are not theſe prety Bugbear Words, to fright Boys and Girls ever from learning Muſick by ſuch a *Gamut*, that is compounded of hard inſignificant Words to Conjure up Devils? This, Sir, ſhews, that becauſe you underſtand not the excellent Uſe of that *Gamut*, and its Words or Names, you are therefore offended with it, and endeavour to perſwade others to the ſame opinion with your ſelf, which is ever the practice of Innovators. Certainly, Sir, Men of greater knowledge in the Science of Muſick than you can pretend to, have declared them of better Uſe; who tell us, That they are Words or Names, by which Notes or Sounds are called and known in their diſtinct and proper places; and Notes or Sounds comprehend Muſick, and Muſick is known rather to expel Devils than raiſe them; it did out of *Saul*, but, Sir, what operation it may have upon you, I know not. You go on in theſe Words, *But I am certain if he can ſay*, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, *it will do to all intents and purpoſes* [*as well*]. We thank you for this *as well*, but, Sir, will it do no better? then why do you propoſe it to us, when there's no advantage in it?

Are

Are we not much beholding to you, Sir, to deprive us of our Old Scale, which is Universally approved, and by known experience found to be perfect and good. And impose upon us this New one of your own production, lame and deformed, a thin-gut Monster, which has neither Speech nor Language, whereby it may be understood; yet are you so in love with it, that you would fain lick it into some kind of form: But your Tongue (though well hung) is not long enough.

Your next words are these, *For the plain truth is, there are but seven Notes in all, only repeated over and over again in double and treble proportion.* You say very right, Sir, but this is demonstrated more plain in the Old Scale than in your New one, as thus it appears: In the Old Scale the seven Notes and their Names are repeated three times over in words at length, on their proper and assigned Rules and Spaces: In yours but once, and that in single Letters only; which you tell us is to be done over and over in double and treble proportions. Surely this needs must confound a Beginner, there being no plain demonstration to guide him, but only your Eight single Letters, and his own Imagination.

Page 14. your words are these, *Those aforesaid hard Names are nothing to the purpose, they can't declare a Note to be in a different Octave.* This declares again, that you do not, or wilfully will not understand the Old Scale, notwithstanding Mr. *Locke* lately sent you an excellent pair of Observing Spectacles for that purpose, with which if you view the Old Scale, you will see there are different names enough in each of the Octaves, to di-

ſtinguiſh them in their proper places of *Baſs*, *Mean*, and *Treble*. Is not the Octave to *Gam ut* in the *Baſs G ſol re ut* in the *Mean*? To *A re*, *A la mi re*; To *B mi*, *B fa b mi*; To *C fa ut*, *C ſol fa ut*; To *D ſol re*, *D la ſol re*? Here are diverſe Names ſufficient to diſtinguiſh between the Octaves of the *Baſs* and *Mean*. So in the *Treble*, or higher Octave there are different Names, as *C ſol fa*, *D la ſol*, *E la*; which Names are in neither of the lower Octaves of *Mean* and *Baſs*. Therefore this Objection againſt the Old Scale is removed, and may be fixed more properly upon your New one, which conſiſts only of Eight ſingle Letters, ſet down in this Chap. Page 17. and there named The *New Gamut*: So that all a Beginner hath to diſtinguiſh your Octaves by, is to ſay *A* in the firſt, and *A* in the ſecond, and *A* in the third, which is the whole deſign of your — what d'ye call't — Hypotheſis, or circulation of Octaves; and probably might hold good, if all that learn'd your way, were taught to Sing by Letters, or Tablature; for by Notes they cannot: And this it was which made you ſcratch your head to the purpoſe. But what will not a man do, before he will ſcratch a hole in't: Alaſs, your New *Gamut* is ſo young, it can't ſpeak, nor ever would, unleſs you ſeek out for help; wherefore, rather than it ſhould continue ſpeechleſs, you'l take confidence, and borrow out of the Old Scale thoſe Gibbriſh Words or Names of Notes, *Sol La Mi Fa*, *&c.* which but a little before you render ſo terrible to a Learner. He that ſhall read your Page 15. will have cauſe to ſmile to hear how ridiculouſly you

quar-

quarrel againſt the Old Scale; yet in the four laſt Lines thereof your words are theſe — *Wherefore that We may know how to place* Mi, *They give us this Rule*, (not ſo, for you take it) *which alwayes holds good*, (a civil acknowledgment) viz. *before* Mi *aſcending to name* Fa Sol La, *and after* Mi *deſcending* La Sol Fa.

Now Sir, you have gotten this Old Rule, I will inſert your following words in the next Page, that it may appear to all Judicious perſons what a prety confuſion you make about ordering them for the Mouth of your *New Gamut*.

*Now that which they are to be blamed for in this is, that when they have given their Scholars a Notional underſtanding of this direction, their practice is to take their riſe from* Sol, *and Sing* Sol La Mi Fa Sol La Fa Sol; *as though* Sol *was the ſyllable from whence they ſhould take aim, by which means they never perfect their main rule, and ſo as* Mi *alters, are confounded in naming their Notes; whereas, if in their practice they begin with* Mi, *and ſo Sing forwards,* Mi Fa Sol La Fa Sol La Mi, *they would at once learn to riſe an Octave with their Voice, and gain a readineſs in this Rule, which they are always to account by in whatſoever condition they find* Mi.

*It is to no purpoſe to plead that* Sol *is for the moſt part in the* Cliff line, *and therefore ready to begin with as they go upward; becauſe theſe ſyllables are practiced only in order to other Singing; now Songs begin not with* Sol, *and go forward in that method, but upon any Note, and ſo skip about, that no Rule can be obſerved, but that which we contend for always to be practiſed.*

This is indeed the language of your whole Book, (as it will appear to ſuch as ſhall read it ) 'tis ſuch a *Babel* of confuſion, Fardle of contradictions, and Impoſſibilities: Such a Mathematical Rat-Trap of Non-ſenſe, as the like was never made in *Crooked-Lane*. In the former Chapter you confine the Notes, here the Names, and ſet them in the Stocks together; as appears by theſe your next words, Page 18.

*We are ſure, what we have undertook, is ſufficiently proved, that* G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, *will do as well as the old hard Names; and for the placing of* Mi, *you muſt take the uſual Monoſyllables, ſo you order them in the moſt practicable method, viz.* Mi Fa Sol la Fa Sol La Mi.

So that here *Mi* is always in your firſt line *G*, *Fa* in *A*, *Sol* in *B*, and *La* in *C*; and ſo aſcending in your firſt Octave, you begin *Mi* again in the ſecond: All by way of Circulation.

And ſo again in the 20*th* Page of your *Vindication*, your words are theſe, *How happy would it be for the eaſe of Muſick, and the exactneſs of Tuning, if the ſame proportions were ever fixed to the ſame places of the Septenary* (or your Octaves) *i. e.* Mi *always in* B. And again, in Page 49. *And about the confinement of* Mi *with the avoiding regular* flats *and* ſharps, *I have delivered my Judgement in the Deſcription of my Whirligig:* (That is your Cart Wheel with Seven Spokes:) The firſt beginning in *Mi* and as it makes a turn round, it comes to *Mi* again. So that all you give us for a New *Gamut*, is your Whirligig, or Wheel of ſeven Spokes, marked with *G A B C D E F*, which you

ſay

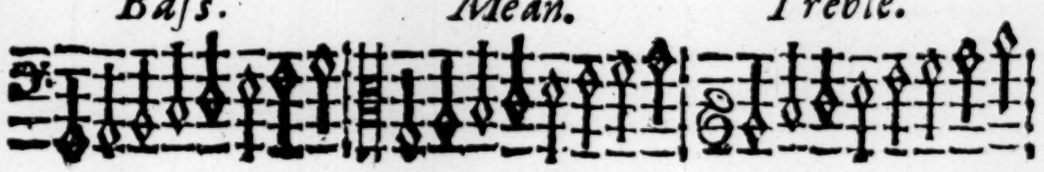
ſay is a ſpeedier way to attain Muſick then to take a long Journey on foot by the Old *Gamut*. And ſince your neareſt way to it is the furtheſt about, let thoſe that like it take it, and your ſecond Chapter to boot: I have done with it. If this won't do, I have yet more in Vindication of the Old Scale of *Muſick*.

I come next to your Third Chapter, (in which and the former is contained your whole Deſign) Entitled *The Cliffs reduced to one Univerſal Character*. The firſt Page of it is nothing to the purpoſe, but a fardle of words about *Tablature*, &c. But in the middle of your next page your words are theſe, *The preſent Practice* (or Old Way) *is to make three Cliffs, whoſe Notes by which they are called, are a Fifth above one another; and according to the moſt conveniency in writing, are uſually aſſigned to there places, as in the Scheme.*

And ſince you have done us the kindneſs to inſert a Scheme of our three Cliffs, in your Book, (which you borrow'd out of Mr. *Simpſon's Compendium*, Page 4. as you do all your other Examples from him and other men) I doubt not to prove that your new Invented Cliffs B M T will Be-eMpTy of any Invention you pretend to the Advancement of *Muſick*.

*An Example of the Three proper Cliffs aſſigned to each Part.*

*Baſs.* *Mean.* *Treble.*

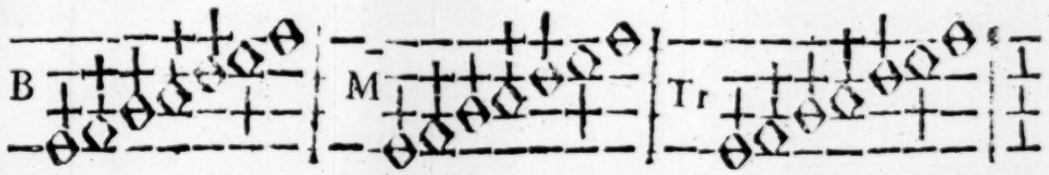


By theſe Three Cliffs, as they are thus planted in there uſual and proper places, may be Prick'd any Song proper for that Part, and in the compaſs of the Voice, and without any tranſpoſition (except it be in the *C ſol fa ut* Cliff) which is vniverſally proper to the inward or middle Parts, and is ſo tranſpoſed ſometimes for conveniency of Pricking; eſpecially in Cathedral Muſick, where Anthems and Services of five and ſix Parts do require it: Nor doth the tranſpoſition of that Cliff create any confuſion to a Beginner, as you *vainly* alledge; for Vocal Muſick is ſeldom learn'd by men of Forty or Fifty Years old, but by thoſe that are young, whoſe Voyces are proper to the *Treble*, and by that Cliff are only taught; nor is the *C ſol fa ut* Cliff now much uſed (unleſs as I ſaid before) in Cathedral Muſick. If you caſt your Eye upon thoſe ſeveral Collections of Ayres and Songs, which I have lately publiſhed, you will find I have not made uſe of the *C ſol fa ut* Cliff in all the ſecond Part of the *Muſical Companion*, which conſiſts of Songs of Two, Three and Four Parts; but Printed them all in the *G*, or *Treble* Cliff, as proper to be Sung by Men or Boys. As to my *Pſalms* in Four Parts, which are Printed in three *Tenor* Cliffs and a *Baſs*; I could have Printed them as well in Three *Treble* Cliffs, had I thought all had been ſo ignorant in the uſe of our Cliffs as I am aſſured you are: It being uſual and common for Men to Sing thoſe Songs which are prick'd in a *Treble* an Eighth lower, where the Parts are ſo Compoſed, that they do not interfere with the *Baſs*. And if Muſick be made difficult (as you ſay) by the

tranſ-

tranſpoſition of one of our Cliffs, I ſhall plainly demonſtrate that you have made it ten times more difficult and confuſed, by the frequent tranſpoſition of your Three new invented Cliffs B M T, in your new whim-wham Circulation of Octaves; which according to your Hypotheſis is thus ſet down in your Diagram.

*Baſs.* *Mean.* *Treble.*




In Page 38 and 39 you give us theſe following Rules and Directions, *viz.* 1. *In any place, where the Notes riſe or fall an Octave (which is uſually the cauſe of greateſt diſtreſs in this caſe) ſet the next Note in the ſame place, only changing the letter of the Octave, which will direct you to Sing it an eighth higher or lower; as you may ſee theſe three Notes, which required three different Places, in three different Cliffs, are here ſituated all upon the ſame Line, only with the letters of their Octaves prefix'd at firſt ſight, palpably diſcovering what they ſtand for.*

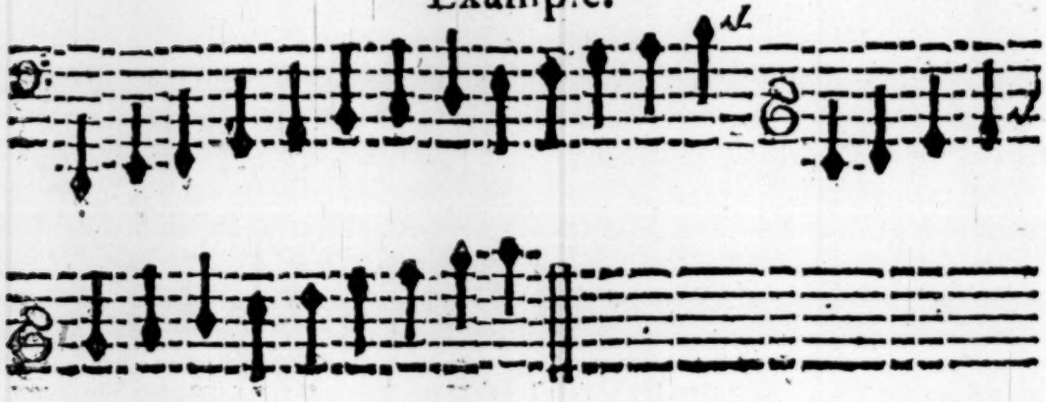
*By which means the Octave only, not the Cliff is altered, neither is there the leſt ſhadow of the old confuſion; for the* G, *which I inſtanced in, or any other Note in this caſe, will ſtand in every part in the ſame place. And certainly, one that has but very indifferent skill in Singing, can riſe or fall an Octave, when the prefixed letter ſhall give him timely warning of it.* 2. *If the Notes aſcend, or deſcend by degrees, and you have occaſion to go far into anoth r*

*Octave, when you come to an higher* G, *alter the Signal Letter, and it falls upon the lowermoſt Line; the like diſcretion alſo muſt be uſed in deſcending: By which means, and good fore-caſt, no Song can be ſo ſpiteful and unlucky, but may be evidently and conveniently written in the compaſs of four Lines, which is the* STATUTE OF OUR HYPOTHESIS, *the lowermoſt beginning with* G, *the uppermoſt ending with* F; *and the higher and lower Notes than theſe, by the change of the Signal Letter, ought to be lodged in their own Octaves, to which they do belong.*

Hitherto I hope, Sir, I have proceeded fairly; and becauſe it ſhall appear ſo, I will here, according to this *Statute of your Hypotheſis*, give one or two Examples of both together, and leave it to Judicious Judgements to determine where the confuſion, or tranſpoſition of Cliffs is moſt frequent, and which is moſt pleaſant to the Eye of the Learner.

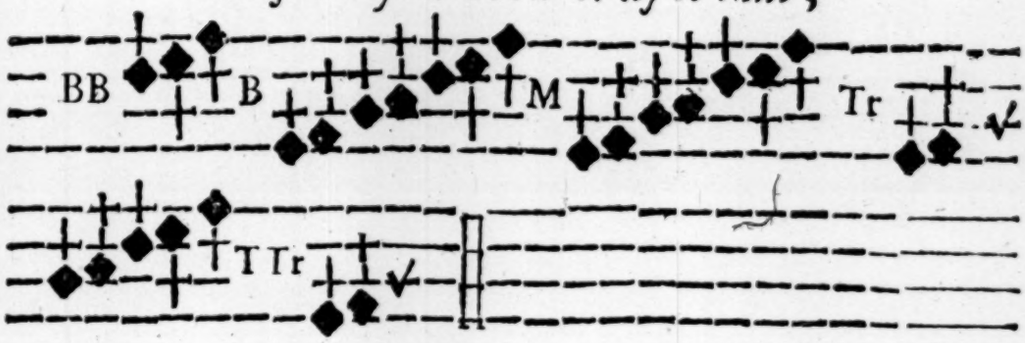
*An Example according to the Rule of the Old* Gamut, *wherein the whole Scale is Prick'd down proper for Vocal Muſick, in two Cliffs only,* viz. *the* Baſs *and Treble; in which compaſs may be Prick'd any Song without any tranſpoſition.*

Example.

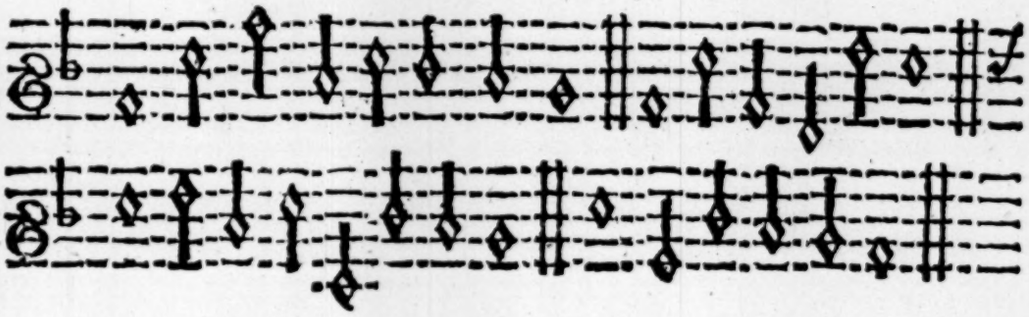


*The*

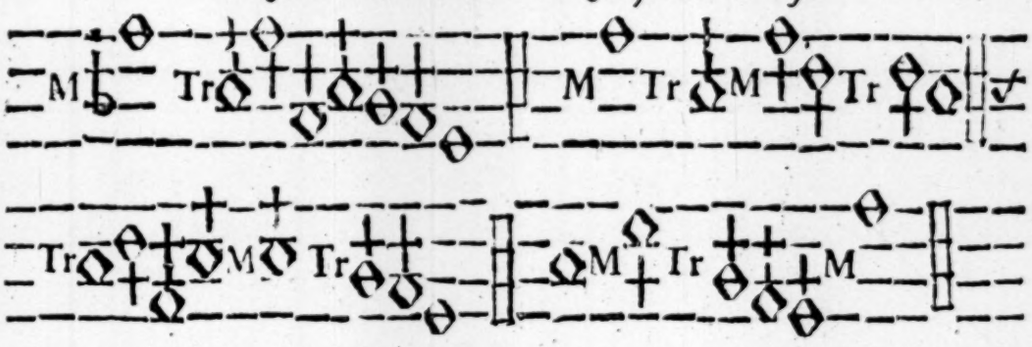
*The ſame your New Way is thus,*




*A common Tune of a Pſalm, p ick'd according to the Old Rule or Scale of* Muſick.



*The ſame Tune Prick'd your Way.*




Now behold, good Sir, is not this Tune prickt according to the STATUTE of your *Hypotheſis* or new Method you would impoſe upon us? I am ſure it is. In our way there is no Tranſpoſition of Cliffs, but in yours, in this ſhort Tune of Twenty eight Notes, your M T Cliffs are Tranſpos'd or Impos'd no leſs than Eleven times; and are not the

Notes

Notes cunningly planted for a Beginner to *Sol-Fa?* 'Tis ſo retrograde to our old Rule, that when our Notes Riſe your Notes Fall, and when ours Fall yours Riſe, to the Eye. Had I not heard otherwiſe, I ſhould have imagined you had been a *Quaker*, you ſo imitate them, who act all by contraries, againſt the eſtabliſhed Rule both in Church and State; for becauſe our Three Cliffs, *Baſs*, *Mean*, and *Treble*, are diſtinguiſhed by three known Characters out of the Old Scale, your Three Cliffs muſt be otherwiſe, *B* for *Baſs*, *M* for *Mean*, and *Tr* for *Treble*: An excellent Reformation! and to as much purpoſe, as he that changed the Name *Kingdom* into *Commonwealthdom.*

But I cannot find, Sir, in all your new *Eſſay* any proviſion for *Tenors* and *Contratenors*; you never thought of Cathedral Men, which are the greateſt number of Singers in the Land; ſure your deſign is, that ſince you cann't do as the late Reformers did, ſequeſter them of their Means, you will ſequeſter them of their Muſical Cliffs, *Tenors* and *Contratenors*: For this, I remember Mr. *Lock* gave you a Check in his *Obſervations*, and wondred you could be ſo *uncivil*: To which (in the 49*th* Page of your *Vindication*) you anſwer, *If he ſtill grumbles that Scholars cann't tell which is a Contratenor, or lower Mean, or the like, for them that cann't underſtand the nature of the thing, let there be writ over them,* This is a Cock, *and* that is a Bull; *which I take to be an eaſier remedy than to learn all the variety of old Cliffs.* From whence (according to your method) I may draw this Inference, That the Gentlemen of His Majeſties Chappel, and all Cathedral Singing-

men,

men, are preſented by you (for the *Advancement* of their *Muſick*) with little better than a Story of a COCK and a BULL; for which I ſhall leave them to give you thanks, and proceed further in the Vindication of our Cliffs.

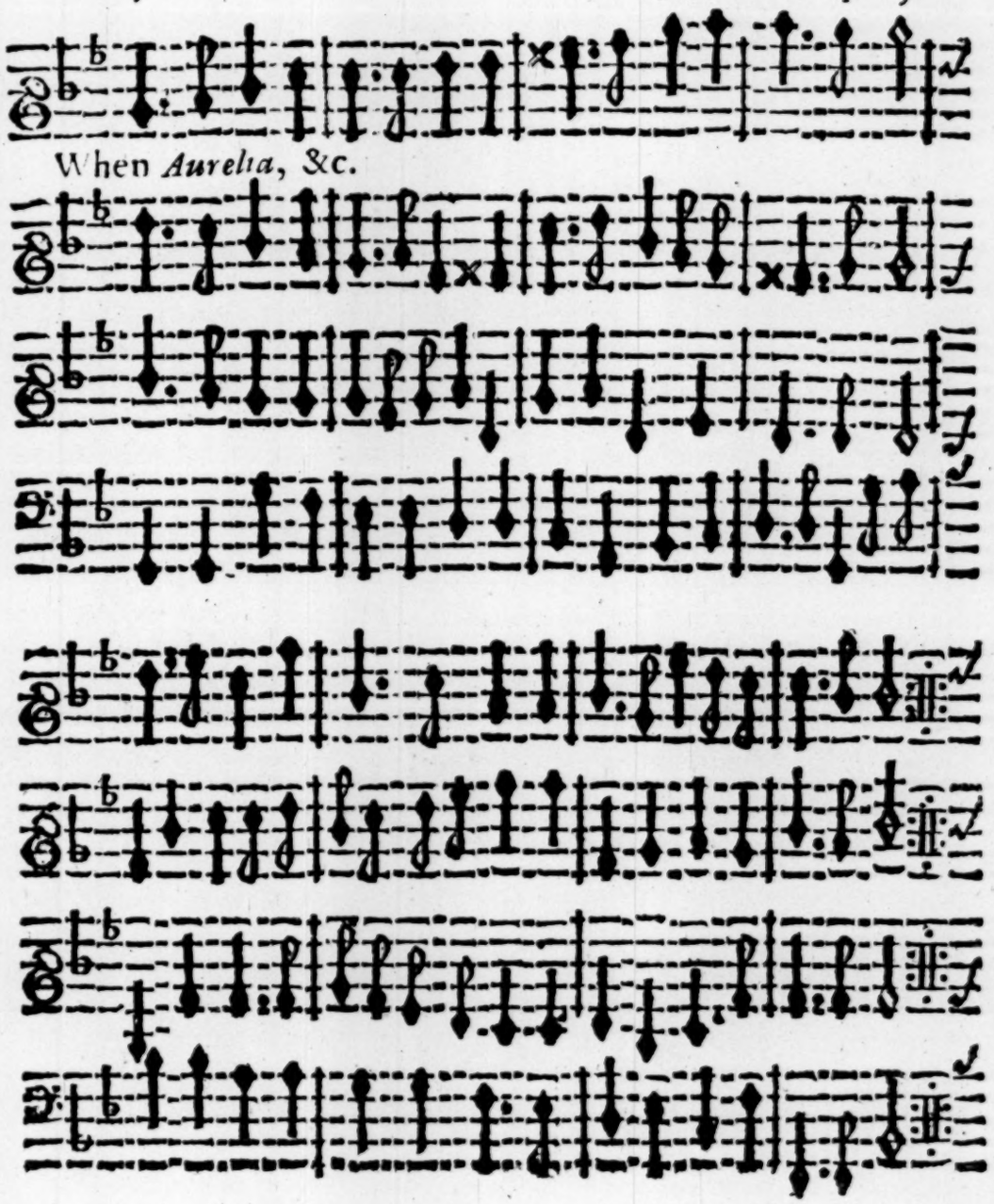
Since all your whole Deſign, Sir, is to have Muſick confin'd, and kept to the *Statute Rule* of your *Hypotheſis*, which is by three *Octaves* fix'd to conſtant Rules and Spaces, in the compaſs of Four Lines, for the Pricking of all Songs; why did you not give us ſome Examples thereof in your Book, but tell us, *That no Song can be ſo ſpightful or unlucky, but it may be evidently and conveniently written in the compaſs of Four Lines, by the Rule of OUR Hypotheſis:* Your omiſſion in this caſe, gave me occaſion to inſert the foregoing Tune of a Pſalm; I could have prick'd down many more (but this may ſuffice any ingenious perſon) to have ſhewed you the Beauty of the Miſtreſs of your Invention; but I ſuppoſe you perceived by her limping and hopping what was her Diſtemper, which made you preſcribe her a *Leiger-Line*, and if that would not perfect the Cure, then to add thereto an *aſcititious Line*, which together would prove an Infallible Remedy for the Rickettineſs of your dearly Beloved B M T, and no doubt enable her to walk in the ſame path and ſtate with the *Old Scale:* For though in many places you plead hard for the keeping to the *Statute* of your *Hypotheſis, viz.* Four Lines, as for inſtance, in *pag.* 73. your words are theſe, *But leſt any one ſhould ſtill run droaning in his own way, I ſhall mind him of OURS, and tell him again, WE do not reckon upwards, as if the Lines*

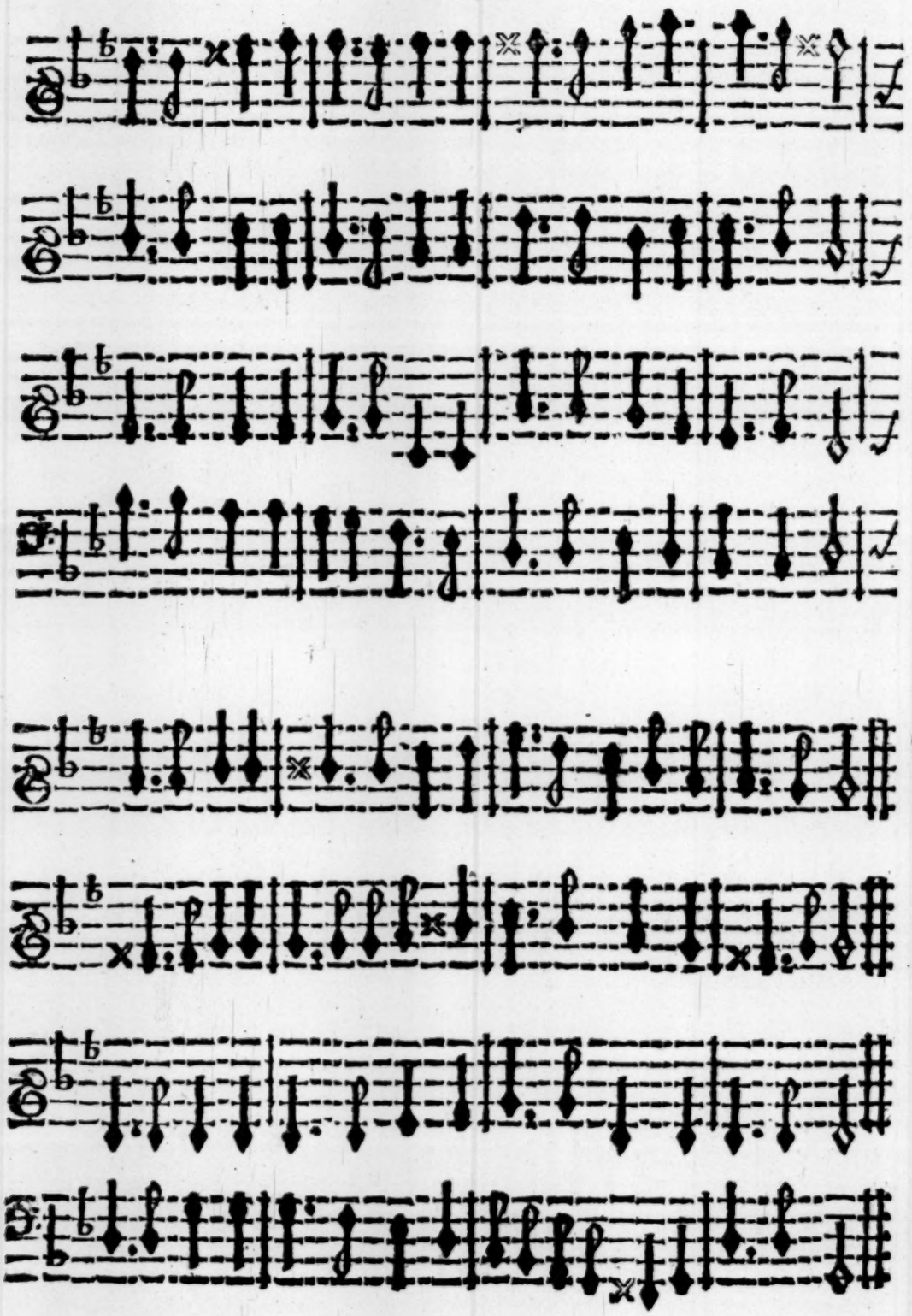
were

*were continued together; neither make WE any Cliffs five Notes aſunder, but WE compleat an Octave in the Syſteme of Four Lines, which reaches to* F fa ut, *and then begin the Syſteme of the next Four Lines in the Middle Part with* G *again; as after* Saturday *night comes* Sunday *morning:* Or to explain your meaning, 'tis thus; after you have gone up ſeven Rounds of the Ladder, you muſt come down again to the firſt to go the eighth: Yet notwithſtanding this, you tell us before in *pag.* 23. of certain Notes which you call *Pilgrim Notes, that have higher and lower ſteps to go, and will not be fix'd in any conſtant dwellings* (now for theſe in your next words are ſome Crums of Comfort, for you have provided them Lodgings let them ramble whether they pleaſe) *but that the following Contrivance ſhews me it may, and is here already adcompliſhed* Welcome Leiger-Line. Handy-pandy, now, ſhall we have a Leiger-Line, or no Leiger Line? You reſolve this doubt in the aforeſaid *pag.* 73. when you tell us, *If for conveniency of Pricking, WE allow the Syſteme to be of* [*Five*] *or* [*Six*] *Lines, &c.* Rejoice O ye Muſical Notes, here's a Gaol-delivery! you ſhall be no longer confin'd in the Priſon of a Four-Line *Hypotheſis.* But till this was done, Sir, your Mrs. *Aurelia*, with her Song of Four Parts, could not appear; which you tell us, *pag.* 82. Mr. *Theod. Stefkins* tranſcribed for you; I wonder, ſince you were not capable of doing it your ſelf, you did not require the aſſiſtance of your *Publiſher* in that as well as in all the reſt: In *pag.* 37. where this Song is fix'd as an Example, that it may be done your Five-line way, and not in your Four-line way, your words

words are theſe; *But that you may ſee how unneceſſary thoſe former various Cliffs are, how conveniently a Song will fall in the Syſteme of Five Lines, for though an Octave is compleated in Four, yet you may take ſuch a liberty, &c.* Therefore, Sir, that you may ſee we can preſent you with this Song in leſs various Cliffs than you have done, I have tranſcribed it in the ſame Key you have put it in, that when it is compared with yours, the World may judge wherein lies the Advantages you propoſe.

*A.* 4. *Voc.* Mr. *Pelham Humphryes.*

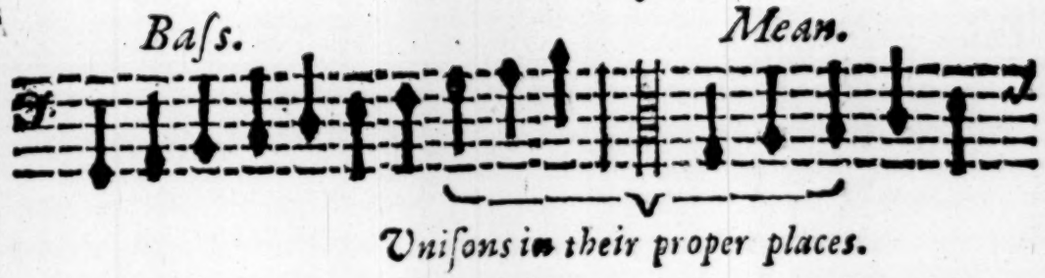




I have but one Example more, by which may be judged now you have got a Leger Line to make Five as well as we, whether you be not almoſt come back into our Old Way of Pricking, as well as you did before into the uſe of the Words of our *Gamut*.

The

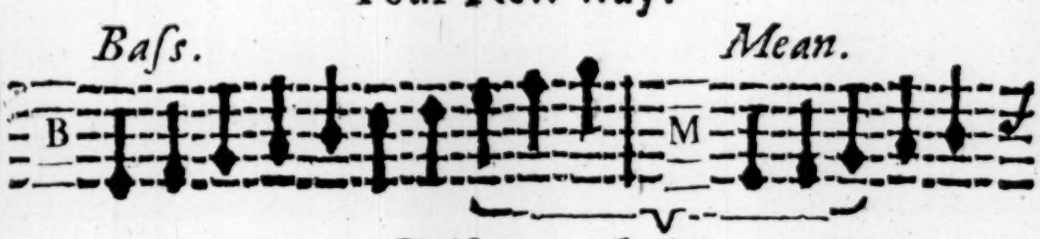
The Old way.




*Uniſons in their proper places.*

*Uniſons in their proper places.*

Your New way.




*Uniſons out of their proper places.*

*Uniſons out of their proper places.*

By this Example I prove your *Univerſal Character* of having *G* always on the Firſt Line to be confuſed, whatever pretences and plauſible words you give us to the contrary: For to make the ſame Note to be in two places at one time (in the Space in the *Baſs* and on the Rule in the *Mean*) is to ſit between two Stools, whereby the A— of your whole Deſign will fall to the ground. If you could have kept to your

firſt

first Rule of Four-line Octaves, you had committed that abſurdity but once, and that in your Octave Note only, but now by your Leiger-Lines you advance it in as many Notes as you pleaſe; whereas on the contrary, you may ſee our Uniſons of the *Baſs* when they come into the *Mean*, are, if in Space in Space, if on Rule on Rule, and the like 'twixt the *Mean* and *Treble*. By all which it will appear, that our *Gamut* is a perfect Rule, and ſo are our Cliffs in their uſe, without any difficulty or confuſion, how ridiculouſly and ignorantly ſoever you have rendred them.

Thus far I have Vindicated the *Old Scale*; I could have enlarged much further, but as I turn'd over both your *Eſſay* and *Vindication*, I met with ſo many impertinent Impoſſibilities and Contradictions, eſpecially about Inſtrumental Muſick, ſo confuſedly jumbled together; and not finding the *Gittar* (the only School-Inſtrument) ſo much as mentioned in all your Book, and your *Hypotheſis* being ſo pertinent to it; I had not patience, but threw them aſide, as unworthy the peruſal of any Perſon skill'd in Muſick.

Sir,

*Auguſt* 26. 1672.

Your humble Servant in any thing but your new Muſical HYPOTHESIS,

*John Playford.*

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FINIS.

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